WORLD SOCCER

JANUARY 1969

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YARDLEY GOES BACK

from ANDREW DETTRE

TRANMERE ROVERS fans will be dismayed to learn that their idol, George Yardley, will soon pack his bag to return to Australia. Yardley, who didn't cost Tranmere a penny to sign, is bitterly disappointed that he couldn't make the English First Division. At one stage, in 1967, this seemed within his grasp. But then came his serious kidney injury against Shrewsbury, a long lay-off—and near oblivion. Now Yardley, wife Eileen and son Kevin decided to return to Sydney, where he will rejoin his former club, St. George-Budapest.

While Yardley is coming, quite a few are going the other way. Former Fulham junior Roy Blitz and ex-Stirling Albion inside-man Alan Westwater may be back already, having left Sydney after a tiff with their club, Pan Hellenic. Perhaps disenchantment is a better word than tiff; at least, it covers the entire team.

In November Pan Hellenic, a Greek-sponsored club, planned to make a 40-day Pacific cruise and invited all the players and their families as a token of the club's appreciation. At certain ports they were supposed to play a few games—Suwa, Hong Kong, Singapore, New Zealand—to defray some of the cost; but the entire thing was mooted as a goodwill gesture, something to bring players and club closer. Instead, it blew them miles apart.

Some players had to quit their jobs when they couldn't take their holidays; others decided to give up their apartments; all just to make this enticing trip. All would-be tourists religiously trooped off to have the necessary cholera vaccination, then packed up and reported, some hours before departure time, at the clubhouse.

There a seemingly casual president informed them that the trip was off. The excuse was the "heavy cost because of the wives"—as though such things could surprise the president, a travel agent himself.

Next day all players, in unison, demanded a transfer. Some declared that they would never don the Hellenic jersey while others insisted on suitable financial recompense. Blitz simply sailed off while Westwater began to pack.

How this sad affair will end is not yet known. But perhaps not untypically of the weak, inexpert leadership, the NSW Federation has neither made a statement nor ordered an investigation into this farce. Some cynics claim that eventually the players will be punished for their insolence even daring to accept such a promised trip from a club. Because Pan Hellenic stand above reproach: they are the most multitudinous club in Sydney and obviously special laws govern their actions. Ah well, at least there will be no cholera outbreak in Pan Hellenic....

Another club much in the news these days is St. George-Budapest, keenly awaiting the arrival of Yardley. Their team building for 1969 received a jolt at the end of November when their two Argentinian forwards, Hector Pueblas and Adolfo Sangiovanni took French leave—and returned to Argentina. Both were brought out to Australia only in August and played two matches apiece. Total cost for the club has been over £1,500—and now they are gone, without as much as saying *hasta la vista*. St. George has already notified the Australian Federation to have both players suspended in Argentina or wherever they may be until they make good their debt to the club.

Still concerning St. George is the news that in December they made two significant captures. One was the signing of Vojvodina coach, Ferenc Arok, for two years. Arok, 36, a journalist and PT teacher, is also an extremely able and well qualified coach who more recently has been working with former star Boskov at Vojvodina. The other coach was the signing, from Melbourne, of 22-year-old Attila Abonyi, an agile, talented forward who was Australia's top scorer at the 1967 Saigon tournament.

One of Sydney's most ambitious clubs, Second Division Western Suburbs, have announced that they hope to sign Tommy Eggleston as manager-coach. Whether Eggleston finally decides to leave English League soccer behind remains to be seen. But the daring move proves once again that Western Suburbs, who only recently managed to sign Australian national goalkeeper Ross Kelly from Brisbane, are not short of ambitions.

Hakoah, the team that won every single honour in the 1968 calendar, made a quick tour of New Caledonia in November—and probably managed to lose their recently imported clever Scottish inside-man, Willie Rutherford. Even before the first of the scheduled three matches, Willie reportedly misbehaved and got into strife with a Hakoah official. To make things worse, he allegedly made some antisemitic remarks which, in a Jewish-sponsored club, are not taken humorously. Now Willie's fate hangs in the balance and it wouldn't surprise to see him suddenly transferred.

Coming back to the administrative side of our soccer set-up, Australia's "preparation" for the 1969 World Cup elimination matches against Japan, Rhodesia and South Korea have so far consisted of only arguments whether Japan is three goals, five goals or perhaps seven goals better than we are. It hasn't struck anyone as yet to at least try to bridge the gap. Oh yes, we do have a national coach, manager and even a full sub-committee to deal with this little matter—but the furthest they have got has been a few long-distance phone calls to each other. The coach, Joe Vlasits, is absolutely powerless; the manager, Scot John Barclay, was recently declared "unacceptable as delegate" because of a rumpus at a national conference—as were four others from Sydney and Melbourne, including yet another "sub-committee" member. As a result, everything is at a complete standstill while officials in the various Australian cities, often thousands of miles apart, are arguing about their petty personal problems.

Sydney's Pan Hellenic club in happier days . . . the team is trotting on to the pitch before the 1968 "Grand Final" which they lost to Hakoah. (AD)

In fact, they may go further than just arguing: several defamation and libel suits have been taken out, turning chaos into circus. Just how much more of this gigantic mismanagement Australian soccer can take is anybody's guess. The few capable and sincere officials left often think of quitting and turning their attention to more peaceful and rewarding pastimes — like growing azaleas or breeding pedigree dogs.

Although this seems to defy the laws of physics, I must venture to say that things will get worse before they get better. Our entire soccer administration must be devalued; the hordes of incompetent, bombastic, egomaniac, bungling, hypocritical and—the worst crime of all: plain unintelligent—"officials" who now regard soccer either as a platform for their personal ambitions or as a refuge from unhappy marriages, must be swept away.

BOOK REVIEW

ARE you stuck for something to buy your soccer friends for Christmas? It happens to us all. But, may I offer the solution?

Purchase a copy of World Football Handbook 1969 (Mayflower, 5/-), compiled by Brian Glanville. I guarantee they will be delighted.

Why? Because this invaluable little mine of information — which contains copious statistics on British, European and World football that couldn't be found in several other publicatons put together — provides not only hours of absorbing reading but also acts as a constant and accurate means of reference.

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PHILIP RISING

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

84-87 TEMPLE CHAMBERS, LONDON, E.C.4., ENGLAND 01-583 2855

Editor:
JACK ROLLIN

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

Liverpool goalkeeper Tommy Lawrence safely gathers the ball despite a challenge from Leeds United forward Mike O'Grady. In the background is Liverpool skipper Ron Yeats.

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100 NOT OUT

by The Editor

EIGHT years ago the first ever issue of WORLD SOCCER was produced. It was unique in its intention: to provide the international soccer scene with an unbiased view of the game as a whole.

In the first editorial in the same issue my predecessor wrote the following paragraph of interest:

"WORLD SOCCER will avoid taking sides with any country or organisation within a country. It will treat with respect the ideas of all, whilst not necessarily agreeing with some of them. For we think that it is of paramount importance that there should be new ideas in preference to living in the past and failing to recognise development and progress."

As Home Editor of the magazine at the time, I was in at the birth of these ideals and ambitions. I know of the effort which has always been made to give individual writers a platform for their views without trying to force upon readers a dogma written with an official bias from the magazine itself.

In this policy we have been able to offer a well balanced view of the events affecting the game throughout the world, attacking or defending often in the same issue from both angles, topics of the moment.

We have attempted to give every country a fair deal in relation to the importance that its football has held in the world, but this has also meant that wherever possible we have striven to cover the game from the most modest of sources, too, in our claim to be a truly international soccer magazine.

This has been our gimmick — a magazine which though written in English and published in England, has been one for the whole world rather than a publication covering world affairs from one country.

Now 100 months later, WORLD SOCCER has plans for greater improvement in content and coverage. Our statistical information is being stepped up as is our pictorial representation.

All this in the future and what has gone in the past has been a tribute to the fine band of correspondents who have made WORLD SOCCER the most respected magazine in the sport.

PLAYER PORTRAIT ON MARTIN PETERS

BY PAUL PARISH

A jubilant Martin Peters after one of his many goals. (McLennan)

SINCE the days when centre-halves, wing-halves, inside-forwards and wingers became old hat, soccer scribes have endeavoured to find new terms to fit new styles. Backs, link-men and strikers have been made to fit the bill but I have always tended to consider these trite terms as over-simplified.

Particularly when you take into consideration a player like Martin Peters.

Convenience has earned him the title of link-man though I doubt whether Sir Alf Ramsey or Ron Greenwood, his managers at international and club level, have ever considered him as such.

In short, Peters is the complete modern footballer. The prototype of his kind — but still without an equal.

Peters' vast repertoire of footballing skills was brought home forcibly by a national newspaper a couple of years back when they displayed a picture of "Martin Peters United". Peters had played in every position for West Ham — or to be more precise had worn every jersey from numbers one to eleven — and by a piece of trick photography a team group of Peters in 11 positions was shown.

Having watched many of Peters' 300-plus appearances for the Hammers, I have seen him in every role — including goalkeeper — and while there are some positions that suit him better he has never been out of his depth.

Yet it is doubtful whether Peters has been more devastating than the role he is performing for West Ham this year. In common with some of the other Hammers, Peters is finding more time for his attacking flair since West Ham signed Alan Stephenson from Crystal Palace.

Now Peters can ghost into the penalty area and take on the goalscoring mantle with fellow international Geoff Hurst. By now the graceful moving Peters should have passed the 14-goal tally he has achieved in the last two seasons — and there is still another four months football ahead!

Most of the goals he has scored this year have been quite exceptional. Unlike Hurst, who has to withstand the rigours of robust defensive play and tight marking and whose goals therefore are mostly taken from the confined spaces of the six-yard area, Peters has to rely on a canny sense of timing and superb control to take the chances that come his way.

Moving up from behind at precisely the right moment, Peters has created that yard or two of room for himself that the closely guarded Hurst so seldom finds or is allowed to find.

But he shares with Hurst an almost telepathic understanding. Their use of the cross ball into the open space by the near post and not at the man on the far post has become the most talked about attacking ploy in contemporary football. On these occasions it is generally Peters who is the provider but as he showed against Manchester City last month he is equally adept at accepting a goal chance from such a situation.

'Most of the goals he has scored this year have been quite exceptional'

The perfect example of Peters' timing and control was in West Ham's match with Leicester City in November. He was in a West Ham defensive wall that lined up to face an abortive Leicester free-kick. Twenty seconds later he volleyed a cross from John Sissons past Peter Shilton. It was a breath-taking goal and one of which one might be tempted to say that he could never repeat. But with a player of Peters' control one has the feeling he could.

That was a goal which combined all Peters' talents — probably the best he has scored this season at any rate.

Peters' selection as number 11 for the World Cup matches came as a shock to those who still believed in outsider-lefts. Really there was little differences in Peters' style for his country than it was for West Ham. Even though it was Peters' left-wing cross that Hurst headed in against Argentina, it is as the man surging up from behind that Peters has been, and still is, serving England.

Oddly enough Peters seems least effective when actually designated with a striker's role and nothing more. A few years back when West Ham's failing was in attack and not in defence Ron Greenwood tried Peters as centre-forward. He has since been played on other occasions as an upfield player but without the success one might have expected.

Under these circumstances he has been subjected to tight marking which is alien

A typically spectacular Martin Peters shot at goal. Also in the picture is Manchester United centre-half David Sadler. (A)

to his goal scoring style. Certainly he is a better and more dangerous player when he is moving forward.

Peters also had a reasonably lengthy spell as a full-back. Many people feel that he was the best "left-back" West Ham have had in recent years and while there is much truth in that it was not a role that gave him the scope a player of his ability warrants.

Everything he does has class. In this respect he shares the same genius as Bobby Charlton in that he can look a great player even when he is having an off-day.

There is complete method in his every movement. Even in a tackle Peters gives the impression of knowing what he will do once he has emerged with the ball. At times, I suspect, this is almost a weakness for his tackling is not always sharp and hard with perhaps too much thought being put into the next move and not enough into winning the ball.

Near goal he is a lethal header of the ball but paradoxically it was often a weakness, or lack of judgement, in the air that made the experiment of playing him as West Ham's centre-half two years ago less than a success.

Peters was born in Plaistow, almost within shooting distance, of Upton Park, but his formative years were spent down the road at Dagenham, spawning ground for many a famous player.

Schoolboy honours followed for Dagenham, then London and Essex boys and finally for England schoolboys.

He signed apprentice forms with West Ham on leaving school in 1959 and became a full professional when he was 18, in 1962. In the meantime he had been capped three times for England's youth team.

Promotion to the West Ham senior squad came on Good Friday, 1962 and he was in the England under-23 team a year later.

A freak accident at the Forest Gate roller skating rink, where West Ham did much of their indoor training, put Peters out of action with a broken leg. Even on his return to fitness the old Peters form was missing.

It caused him to miss West Ham's FA Cup win in 1964 but he was at Wembley a year later when Hammers took the European Cup Winners Cup. It was his stylish performace in that game that showed conclusively he had shaken off all the effects of his injury.

Even then, however, it seemed as if his chance for a place in the World Cup squad, which had looked most likely two years earlier, was slim.

It was at this time, when he was being asked to play in a variety of positions, that there were rumours he was unhappy at Upton Park. If there was any unrest it didn't come to the surface, which is fortunate not only for West Ham but for England, too, I suspect.

After another good season in 1965–66 Peters was given his first full England game against Yugoslavia, only two months before the World Cup finals. He made appearances on the World Cup warm-up tour against Finland and Poland having at least established himself into the final 22.

Against Uruguay in the World Cup opening match, Peters was not included, but after that disappointing goalless draw he was given his chance and stayed in the team throughout the rest of the competition, scoring England's second goal in the final.

Since the World Cup he has become an established member of the England team and his appearance against Rumania was his 22nd cap.

With the thought that he will be only 26 years old in 1970, the year of England's World Cup defence in Mexico, Peters must figure very much in Sir Alf Ramsey's planning for the future. Indeed, with the extra maturity and experience, who can say how great Peters can become?

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"THE SONG IS ENDED"

"THE song is ended, but the melody lingers on." The words of the well-known song sum up the situation as it exists in the North American Soccer League at present.

On November 1 the league held a meeting in Chicago to discuss its operations for the 1969 season, and its outcome, although predictable to some degree, was hardly what observers here had expected to happen.

The owners of the 14 teams still in membership (the Vancouver Royals, Boston Beacons and Detroit Cougars had already withdrawn) decided that after just one year of operation they were losing too much money and that soccer was not catching on as they had hoped. Therefore the decision was taken to substitute two all-star teams in place of the league competition.

These all-star teams would be made up of the players presently under contract to the participating clubs plus several new signings, and they would play three exhibition games a year in each of the member cities against top-class foreign opposition. This idea had sprung from the success enjoyed when NASL teams had met the likes of Santos and Manchester City in exhibition games this past summer.

OBSTACLE

However, there was one obstacle to this idea, it required the sanction of the national associations of the United States and Canada.

Atlanta, Baltimore, Cleveland, Dallas, Kansas City, Oakland, St. Louis and Washington were the clubs in favour of the idea, while the other six—Chicago, Houston, New York, Los Angeles, Toronto and San Diego—were uncommitted.

The eight consenting teams agreed to share the cost of operating the all-star teams with a part of the money being used to help foster soccer at the grass roots level in each of the participating cities.

While all this was going on the Philadelphia Spartans, who had been members of the old National Professional Soccer League but had withdrawn at the end of the previous season, were waiting outside with the idea of applying for a franchise for next season. They were never invited into the meeting.

The North American press gleefully heralded the announcement as the end of soccer on this continent, and some television stations who ignored soccer all season long interrupted regular programming to announce that the NASL had ceased operating.

Soccer lovers greeted the all-star idea with scepticism, and the general feeling was one of gloom as many felt that as a result of the decision, all the progress that had been made in the last two years had been nullified.

Perhaps the most pertinent comment came from Vic Rouse, goalkeeper of the Atlanta Chiefs and one of the players who had worked hard to foster soccer in Atlanta. Rouse said: "It is disgusting. I am sick. I don't think that an all-star team can gain the support of the people. The last two seasons were apparently wasted effort—outside of Atlanta."

But the final seal had yet to be set on the idea, for it was as yet subject to the approval of the United States Soccer Football Association (USSFA), and as the Toronto Falcons had finally decided that they wanted a piece of the action, the Canadian Soccer Football Association (CSFA).

Two weeks later the NASL met again this time in San Francisco, by which time it had been announced that each club would have to put up $100,000 a year towards the cost of operating the teams, and that they would have a roster of about 30 players.

Following the gathering on the west coast no announcement was made, but it was understood that the owners would meet again in the near future in Chicago.

Reliable sources have it that the USSFA vetoed the all-star idea and that the clubs were now considering reverting to a league competition again. It is noticeable that after the first meeting none of the clubs released any players so each club would have little difficulty picking up where it left off last September.

JOSE PONCE

As I write, the whole situation is in turmoil and any decision taken now is likely to be reversed before spring comes around. In fact any decision taken today is likely to be changed tomorrow, such is the uncertainty.

Looking back over the past two seasons of operation, firstly of the NPSL and USA and then, following the merger, the NASL, it is possible to advance many reasons for the apparent failure of the first national professional leagues.

In the pages of WORLD SOCCER they have been pointed out many times by various writers, but in retrospect I think that the biggest failure lay in the total inability of the league to introduce the American sports fan to the game of soccer as a whole; to educate him if you like.

The average sports fan who watches football in Dallas, baseball in Los Angeles or ice hockey in Toronto is as ignorant of the world of soccer as a Londoner or a Madrileno is of the realm of American football. This has changed very, very little as the result of the NASL.

Sports writers here, too, have as much knowledge of soccer as European sports writers have of baseball. To appreciate the obstacles of introducing soccer to North America one has to imagine how he would go about introducing American football to Europe.

Out of the thousands who pour into Ibrox, Old Trafford, Chamartin or San Siro at the weekends, I wonder how many have heard of the Green Bay Packers or the Baltimore Colts. Similarly very few of the people who sit in the Los Angeles Coliseum or Cleveland's Municipal Stadium have ever heard of Real Madrid, Juventus or Manchester United.

IMMIGRANT

As far as European understanding of American sports or vice versa, we might as well be living on different planets. The one link between the two worlds lies with the immigrant but paradoxically the interest of the ethnic groups has always been totally unpredictable and therefore not to be relied upon.

For soccer to become a major sport on these shores the interest of the people born and bred here has to be cultivated via constant information and education, plus exposure to the best the game has to offer.

Many people were of the opinion that you only had to bring average soccer to these shores and people would flock to the stadiums. This is not true and has now been proven so.

People's habits and interests do not change overnight, and a fan who sits in a temperature of three degrees Fahrenheit huddled under blankets in Edmonton, Alberta, to watch a game of Canadian football has to be awfully keen on what he is watching. And chances are there will be 19,999 besides him.

For many years now people have been saying you have to start with the boys, get them interested. But what people do not realise is that people have been starting with the boys for a long, long time, and when these boys reach their teens there is nowhere for them to go and nothing to aim for. They are soccer players living in a soccer void.

These boys have no connection with or knowledge of the game outside of their own local league, and chances are they will never have seen a professional game. At the same time they are exposed to the saturation coverage given to North American sports.

Just imagine the situation in reverse, a group of American immigrants to Britain start a boys' league in Birmingham with the idea of making American football a major sport in the British Isles. I doubt that they would fare as well as schoolboy soccer has done in North America.

The owners of the professional clubs that have sprung up over the past two years did so mainly on the strength of the interest aroused by the televising of the 1966 World Cup Final. Very few can have had any idea of the enormity of the task they were undertaking, otherwise they would not have approached the job in the manner they have.

KNOWLEDGE

One of the biggest problems the league has had has been in the all important field of public relations. Here the majority of those hired had public relations experience but no soccer knowledge. Some were interested enough to learn and did a good job, while some were not even good public relations men.

Before he resigned as commissioner Dick Walsh acknowledged that this was one of the league's major problems. If the NASL continues in operation this is one field that will require vast improvement. What can be done with publicity and promotion was seen with the Santos tour, which was a huge success. This sort of thing has to be kept up not just for two weeks, or two years, but until the American sports public is as familiar with the world of soccer as they are with their own insular sports.

There is no doubt in my mind that a totally new approach is needed in the region of promotion. The news media has already shown only too often that it is reluctant to help, and therefore the leagues must find some other way of disseminating information.

Now is not the time to look back but instead we should be looking ahead. If the NASL is to operate on a league basis next season it should be ready to correct its mistakes and admit its failures instead of whitewashing them, otherwise they will continue to throw good money after bad.

Apart from the goings on in the NASL a new and very interesting development has taken place in America's oldest professional soccer league, the American Soccer League (ASL).

World Soccer's man in America

COLIN JOSE reports

The ASL, which has operated on the east coast of the United States for 35 years, has announced that it intends to expand and move its season from fall to the summer. Included in its expansion plans are increased publicity for the game through radio and television and an elimination of the deadwood which has been holding it back. If the NASL fails then the ASL could very well take its place. Developments in both leagues will be awaited with great interest in the months ahead.

Meanwhile on the player front many of the players who played with the now disbanded Detroit Cougars have returned to Britain, and are now playing for British clubs. Jim Standen has joined Millwall, Roy Cheetham is with Charlton Athletic, Ken McDonald (Raith Rovers), Tommy Coakley (Morton), Barry Brown (Glasgow Rangers), Barry Rowan (Tonbridge), while Gus Moffatt is on trial with Falkirk.

Freddie Goodwin, the former Scunthorpe manager who has coached the New York Generals for the past two seasons, has taken over the manager's chair at Brighton vacated by Archie Macauley, and a former New York player, George Kirby, has joined Brentford. Alex McCall, the former Motherwell winger who joined the Kansas City Spurs in mid-season, has returned to Scotland, where he was signed by Partick Thistle.

Keith Spurgeon, coach of the Dallas Tornado, has resigned, and is now investigating coaching opportunities in Europe, while a number of players are on loan to clubs in the American Soccer League.

The Spanish club Cordoba have signed Jose Ponce from the Toronto Falcons for $10,000, while many of the Vancouver Royals players are now playing with local clubs in the Vancouver area. In effect it is becoming the reverse of the trend of the past two seasons.

Mexico break Brazil's home record

FOR France, a disastrous home defeat against Norway in the World Cup; for West Germany, only a goal in the last seconds saves their blushes against Cyprus; in Kansas City, both goalkeepers are carried off; for the Sudan, progress to the next World Cup round on a technicality; for Brazil, their first home defeat in 12 years—and, incredibly, against Mexico. If this was a quiet month, the mind boggles at what may happen when the World Cup really hots up.

One must begin with France, if only because the loss of two points must mean, barring a freak, their elimination from the next World Cup finals in Mexico. Norway, after all, had already lost 5-0 to Sweden in Stockholm, and is seems beyond the capacity of France to beat Norway in Oslo and take four points off the formidable Swedish side.

The goal that dashed France's flagging hopes came in the 67th minute at Strasbourg, when Norway finally realised that their opponents were not toying with them, but really struggling. In that minute, Bousquier tried a sliding tackle, missed the ball and caught Iversen on the left leg. Iversen stumbled, but as the referee raised his whistle to his lips, recovered his balance and accelerated into the penalty area. Michael raced back to cover, but Iversen struck his shot a fraction before the tackle, and the ball flashed high and wide of the advancing Carnus. It was a goal that reduced 18,000 spectators and millions more on television to the silence of despair.

For France it was a wretched display, but one should not detract from Norway's performance—a brave one by amateurs written off against a highly-trained professional side. They won, too, without Harald Berg, who, at 25, has already played 35 times for the national side. Berg, who runs a hotel with his parents in the north of Norway, had to stay behind and take an exam. Let's look at the team that did so well without him:

Goalkeeper: *Svein Bjorn Olsen* (Lyn Oslo). Aged 23, 5 caps. A carpenter by trade—he even makes goalposts. An extremely supple and courageous player between them.

Full-backs: *Jan Rodvang* (Lyn). Aged 28, 5 caps. A shopkeeper, and Footballer of the Year. *Tor Spydevold* (Fredrikstad). Aged 22, 5 caps. Centre-back, tall and commanding in the air. Teaches in a lycée. His father, incidentally, was also a Norwegian international. *Nils Arne Eggen* (Rosenborg). Aged 27, 20 caps. Another schoolteacher—in French and German. And another centre-back, solid and dependable. *Arild Mathisen* (Valerengen). Aged 26, 20 caps. Operates a Linotype machine in a printer's. First capped in 1964, now a particularly skilful player who likes to advance from behind.

Midfield: *Trgve Borno* (Skied Oslo). Aged 26, 16 caps. A lieutenant in the Norwegian Army. Takes risks—and gets away with them. *Olav Nilsen* (Viking, Stavanger). Aged 26, 47 caps. Norway's most experienced international—in the team since 1962. A salesman for a big commercial firm in the wood trade.

ELECTRIC

Forwards: *Karl Johannessen* (Lyn). Aged 25. His first cap against France, where he linked with Nilsen and Borno in midfield. A bank clerk. *Olav Dubwad Olsen* (Lyn). Aged 22, 6 caps. University student, and a very fast winger with close control. First played against Poland in June 1968. *Odd Iversen* (Rosenborg). Aged 25, 14 caps. Employed in the Public Works department at Trondheim. A remarkable centre-forward, perhaps the best Norway has ever produced. *Harald Sunde* (Rosenborg). Aged 24, 24 caps. Works with Iversen, both on and off the field. Tiny winger, but electric bursts and high dribbling skill.

THE MONTH'S GAMES

Rio: Brazil 2, Rest of the World 1
Kansas City: United States 6, Bermuda 2*
Rio: Brazil 2, Mexico 0
Casablanca: Morocco 1, Senegal 0*
Strasbourg: France 0, Norway 1*
Bucharest: Rumania 0, England 0
Glasgow: Scotland 2, Austria 1*
Khartoum: Sudan 4, Zambia 2*
Hamilton: Bermuda 0, United States 2*
Rio: Brazil 1, Mexico 2
Guatemala City: Guatemala 4, Trinidad 0*
Algiers: Algeria 1, Tunisia 2*
Guatemala City: Guatemala 0, Trinidad 0*
Port-au-Prince: Haiti 4, Trinidad 0*
Bucharest: Rumania 2, Switzerland 0*
Nicosia: Cyprus 0, West Germany 1*
Port-au-Prince: Haiti 2, Trinidad 4*

*—World Cup

Jairzinho (9) and Pele (10) look on as a shot from team-mate Rivelino beats diving Russian goalkeeper Yashin to give Brazil their first goal in their 2–1 victory over the FIFA Rest of the World team. Between the two Brazilians is Schulz of West Germany. (UPI)

International Post-Mortem

BY

ROGER MACDONALD

Meanwhile, back at Maracana, Brazil were struggling to beat the hybrid selection for the Rest of the World, deprived of most of the British players they wanted by England and Scotland's midweek matches, and of George Best, hurt in a league match for Manchester United. Yashin again gave an impeccable display, and the FIFA selection seemed certain of a draw, Albert equalising Rivelinho's early goal. But in the last minute Tostao scored a second for Brazil. A second victory followed three days later against Mexico, Pele scoring both goals, but this did not halt the sharp criticism of the Brazilian team that had followed the FIFA match.

Pele had been almost completely subdued by Schutz, so much that Beckenbauer had been able to spend much of the second half exclusively in attack. Brazil had started well, but faded when Rivelinho faded, and Gerson's passing was laborious and predictable.

The rising storm came to a full fury when Brazil were sensationally beaten at home by Mexico, their first home defeat since Czechoslovakia won at Rio in August 1956, by the only goal of the game. The criticism was based on Brazil's haphazard selection over the past year, which has involved no fewer than 39 players—the same fault of over-consideration that left their team in chaos before the last World Cup.

ABANDONED

There seemed no logic in the choice of players, with whole groups apparently abandoned overnight. To take one example, for their match against Peru in Lima last July, Brazil's defence was: Felix; Carlos Alberto, Brito, Joel and Rildo. Against FIFA it was: Picasso; Carlos Alberto, Jurandir, Dias and Everaldo. Almoré Moreira has yet to show that there is method in his madness.

While Brazil have been speculating on their chances in the 1970 finals, the United States have taken one step in the long road to the last 16. They made certain of winning their sub-group in the Central American zone by beating their nearest challengers, Bermuda, home and away.

The first match, at Kansas City, Missouri, was quite extraordinary. America took a quick 2-0 lead with two goals from Pete Millar, but Walter Trott and James Best equalised after 38 minutes. Then the U.S. side scored three goals in seven minutes, a header from Gerry Baker (of Ipswich and Coventry fame . . . but born, of course, in New York) and an own-goal by Bermuda's captain, Kennedy Cann, starting the rout. Millar went on to complete his hat-trick, and in the first half both goalkeepers were hurt in collisions and carried off. Sandy Feher of America broke a leg, and Granville Nusum of Bermuda suffered a broken jaw.

The United States won the return match 2-0, a shot from Roy and another own-goal. And if you thought it just couldn't be Cann again, you'd be wrong . . .

The United States meet the winners of the other sub-groups, in one of which Guatemala are doing very well and Trinidad-Tobago very badly. Trinidad decided to play all their games away, have lost and drawn in Guatemala City (4-0 and 0-0), then lost 4-0 to Haiti, who put on the pressure after leading 1-0 at half-time, before beating Haiti 3-2 in the second match.

Much of the trouble may lie in Trinidad's insistence that their players supply their own official and playing kit for the games—which has not been a popular decision, to put it mildly. And for the four matches the total allowance per man has been £8 3s., which would suggest that most of Trinidad's footballers may have been glad of a bed at the local YMCA.

In the African World Cup groups, Morocco's captain, Bamou, missed a penalty against Senegal and must have been relieved when his team scraped home 1-0. Algeria had a lead of one goal at half-time against Tunisia, Amirouche scoring from a penalty after Gherbi had handled. But they were too complacent in the second half, and twice Tunisia's fine left-winger Chakroun found himself unmarked in front of goal.

Over in Khartoum, the Sudan, who had lost 4-2 away to Zambia, won 3-1 at home to force extra-time. This produced another goal for each side, and an awkward problem for the referee, who was about to toss a coin to decide who went through to the next round when a Sudanese official rushed onto the field with a rule book. Under the strange FIFA regulations, if two teams are level on points and goals after extra time, the team scoring more goals in the second leg qualifies for the next stage. Whoever thought that one up deserves a medal.

STUBBORN

Scotland's laborious win over Austria—a fine header by Denis Law, a rare goal for Billy Bremner after Starek's unexpected early score—and England's excruciating draw with Rumania did nothing to increase British optimism. But at least Rumania underlined that they are a useful home side by disposing of Switzerland. The Swiss defended stubbornly for an hour, but they were caught out by two corner kicks—the first headed in by Dumitrache, the second by Domide. The Swiss, too, look like being early casualties among last time's exalted finalists—but one never knows.

Details of the Brazil versus FIFI international and other matches appear on pages 46 and 47.

The Rest of the World team, back row, left to right: Assis (trainer), Schulz, Beckenbauer, Schesternov, Novak, Marzolini, Szucs. Front: Dzaljic, Amancio, Overath, Yashin, Albert. (UPI)

PARROT CRY HEARD AGAIN

Speaking Personally . . . LESLIE VERNON

THE parrot cry has been heard again, declaring that players should not be taken away for international duty more often than is absolutely necessary. The latest perpetrator of this theory is Harry Catterick, the Everton manager, whose judgement has become affected by a couple of minor injuries sustained by Howard Kendall and Tommy Wright, while playing for representative sides.

Catterick: "It strikes me that the co-operation between the club and country which is so widely discussed, is in fact a one-way business. How can they help us? They are our players and we pay their wages. The views and needs of the club simply do not count. This has become quite clear."

To me, it is "quite clear" that the managers and directors have got their priorities wrong, and in fact have no case at all. Big-time professional football combines elements of sport, the entertainment world, and business. The emphasis must be placed on the sporting aspect, partly because this keeps the game relatively incorruptible, and partly because the masses are not really interested in the gimmicks of the entertainment world or in the seedy intricacies of high finance. Consequently, the fact that the clubs pay the players' weekly wages is of no real importance. The main point is that national selection means a great deal to the players—"prestige-wise", and gives them added confidence as performers.

A boy who has tasted international football on the highest possible level, will go back to his club a better, more accomplished player with enhanced reputation. Isn't that some help, Mr. Catterick? If we abandon the pretence that football is still a sport, and regard it purely as a form of business, the fate of the national eleven becomes even more significant.

The disastrous slide in attendances was halted by England's World Cup victory in 1966, the "missing millions" re-discovered the game while transfixed to their TV sets. The players who collected those gold medals were transformed into national heroes overnight, and, indeed, the "selling price" of any "capped" footballer is higher than it would be without the "official seal of approval". Isn't that some help, Mr. Catterick?

I wonder whether Everton would have paid £100,000 for Alan Ball if it wasn't for his exploits in the World Cup? Who ever heard of Tommy Wright, Joe Royle or John Hurst before their selections for the Under-23 team? As for the "absolutely necessary" clause, I feel that Sir Alf should be left to decide on the number of internationals needed to keep the "machine" running smoothly.

The very same people who are grumbling now about the additional fixtures against Rumania and Bulgaria used to complain about the long gap between internationals during the November-April period. Admittedly, there is a risk of injury every time a player puts a pair of football boots on, but that is an occupational hazard they are all willing to take. The club managers should strive as hard as they can in order to have all their players selected for representative teams as often as possible.

And when they go home at night they should all say a silent prayer for Sir Alf, instead of moaning about their occasional misfortunes.

Harry Catterick's next door-neighbour, Bill Shankly, has also sounded-off with a few not too well-chosen words after his team's elimination from the Fairs Cup by a toss of a coin. Shankly rightly condemned this stupid method, saying that there has got to be a system tried where victory in a match is related to what takes place on the field. I agree with the "tune", but do not like Shankly's "orchestration".

He complains about Bilbao's defensive play as if it was something slightly unsporting. "They came to Anfield intent only on an all-out defensive battle. Iribar was marvellous in goal, but I can't recall them even forcing one corner-kick in two hours of football." Shankly does not mention that Bilbao actually scored a goal at Liverpool, and would not comment on his own team's tactics when playing away.

I well remember Liverpool's 1-9-1 formation used in Budapest against Ferencvaros last winter, when only Tony Hateley dared to cross the half-way line. Unfortunately, this malaise is now an accepted part of "two-legged" international football—dull and depressing—but not the prerogative of the foreigners.

The idea of deciding a tie on the number of corner-kicks has some merit, providing kicks taken during *both matches* are taken into account. Shankly also referred to the Fairs Cup as a "British sponsored" event, and since we are "the financial life-blood" of the competition, we can demand changes.

This is nonsense and completely unfounded. Attendances vary on the Continent, the 80,000 crowd at the Ferencvaros v. Leeds match sharply contrasted to a 514 gate at the AIK Stockholm v. Hannover tie. But the important thing is that the home clubs do keep the entire income of the matches, so it does not really matter financially to a visiting team how many Britons watch them at Glasgow or Newcastle.

In fact, foreign managers have often told me that the smaller the crowd in England—the better they like it! This "coin-tossing" pantomime must go, but let us realise that the present farcical rule is equally bad for all 64 teams entered, and that no one nation is irreplaceable in any competition.

JOHN HURST. (O)

Controversial

"The greatest referee of the decade", or "a mercenary with a whistle"? This is the question posed about Diego De Leo, who suddenly hit the headlines not only with his controversial decisions in the Olympic Games Final, but also with the immaculate handling of the Brazil v. "Rest of the World" game.

Diego De Leo is the founder of "The Referees School" in Chile, where professional officials are taught the rules of the game. These refs are in great demand everywhere in South America, and their fees are comparable to that of a boxing referee. In view of the growing demand in this country for professional refs, it is interesting to look at the career details of the "daddy of them all", De Leo.

Born 1920 in Italy. Passed his ref's examination in Venice 1945(!) and officiated in amateur football for two years. 1948—Emigrated to Argentina, where he worked as a pro. ref 1949-51—Signed for a club in Colombia as technical adviser. 1951-54—Back to Italy, where he worked as a Grade "A" ref. 1954—One year in Brazil as a pro. ref. 1955-59—Four years in Peru as a pro. ref, plus in charge of the Referees Association. 1959-63—Four years in Chile as a pro. ref, plus the guiding light behind the idea of developing a band of paid officials ready to travel anywhere.

Since 1963, De Leo has been a resident of Mexico, where he is a highly respected official. His book, *Reglas del Futbol* (rules of football) has been reprinted three times, and he is in charge of a squad of young officials preparing for the World Cup 1970. De Leo is undoubtedly a highly experienced "man in the middle", but I would not like to answer that question mentioned earlier.

Newsletters — ARTHUR ROTMIL — Newsletters

Penalty 'King' Radi!

W. GERMANY

THE experience of European club tournaments during the past year, is proving invaluable for the Bundesliga pacemakers, Bayern Munich, and their nearest rivals, Hamburger SV. Both teams have gained in stature and maturity but though it is too early to hail one or the other as prospective champions, evidently on current form they must be expected to stake their claim at the finish.

Bayern enjoyed the good fortune of being able to field an unchanged side in the first 12 games of the season and this was their standard line-up: Maier; Kupferschmidt, Beckenbauer, Schwarzenbeck, Pumm; Olk, Starek; Roth, Ohlhauser, Müller, Brenninger. In the 13th game, Schmidt replaced Olk at half-time. Their only defeat so far—by 0-1 at Bremen at the 11th hurdle—failed to disturb the smooth rhythm of this, undoubtedly the team of the moment. But the most startling feature of the past month, however, has been the fine form of Hamburger SV, who collected 16 points from their last ten games and moved into second place.

The men responsible for this revival are the veterans Willi Schulz and Uwe Seeler. A slimmer and much fitter Uwe, who impressed national boss Helmut Schön, but there can be little hope of the old warrior reappearing in national colours. Schulz is also in superb form and was the pillar of the Rest of the World defence when he shackled the great Pelé in the match with Brazil. Two other Germans in the world side were Wolfgang Overath (*pictured, Met*) and Franz Beckenbauer, who was described as the best player afield, together with Brazil's Rivelino. In charge of the FIFA team was its No. 1 coach, the German, Dettmar Cramer, who managed the Japanese Olympic XI which surprisingly gained a bronze medal in Mexico. Cramer, in fact, is the man responsible for the meteoric rise of football standards all over Asia.

On the domestic front, manager Albert Sing has left 1860 Munich. His predecessor Max Merkel was deposed by the players and Sing's exit followed the same pattern. "I was facing internal sabotage," he said ruefully from his new home at Adliswil in Switzerland. It seems that 1860 are always in the news, not least because of their volatile goalkeeper Radenkovic. After the game with Kaiserslautern, "King Radi" was celebrating a new record: He is now the only Bundesliga 'keeper who has saved seven penalties. The men who failed against him include such famous internationals as Emmerich, Netzer, Ulsass and Herrmann. Radi's immediate rival from local foes Bayern is green with envy: Sepp Maier, Germany's No. 1 custodian, who has yet to save a spot-kick.

Radenkovic makes a careful study of all penalty-takers, not only in actual matches but also when watching filmed excerpts on TV. His burning ambition, he disclosed, is to save a penalty by Höttges or better still ... from Uwe Seeler.

BUNDESLIGA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Bayern Munich	15	10	4	1	35	12	24
Hamburger SV	15	9	2	4	27	20	20
Borussia Mön.-G.	15	7	5	3	30	20	19
Eint. Brunswick	15	6	5	4	22	19	17
1860 Munich	15	7	3	5	18	22	17
VfB Stuttgart	15	5	6	4	25	20	16
Kaiserslautern	15	7	2	6	18	16	16
MSV Duisburg	15	4	7	4	13	16	15
Hannover	15	4	6	5	24	21	14
Borussia Dort.	15	5	4	6	24	29	14
Hertha Berlin	15	5	4	6	14	20	14
Cologne	15	5	4	6	16	24	14
Alemn. Aachen	15	5	3	7	28	30	13
Eint. Frankfurt	15	4	5	6	19	21	13
Nürnberg	15	4	5	6	18	23	13
Werder Bremen	15	5	2	8	22	26	12
Schalke	15	4	2	9	19	24	10
Kickers Offenbach	15	3	3	9	15	24	9

GOOD NEWS

SWITZERLAND

ONE of the most curious aspects of football in Switzerland is the apparent lack of interest as shown by the fans towards the FA Cup competition. Gates in the fourth round, which sees the entry of First Division clubs, have been abysmally low and only one ground could boast of more than 5,000 fans.

Bad weather may be put forward as an excuse but hardly to such an extent as league champions FC Zürich drawing only 1,800 against Second Division but local rivals Young Fellows, Young Boys meeting other locals Berne before 4,000, Lugano counting 1,000 for Mendrisiostar and Bellinzona a laughable 500 to see Buochs, to mention only the popular top teams!

The Schweizer Fussball Verband (FA) extend a rare privilege to its leading members by allowing all First Division sides to be drawn apart in round four. Of course, this gives the minnows a chance to grab glory—should they topple the giants, but more often than not, it simply reduces their chances of further progress because the fancied "upper class" do not meet to knock each other out. And so this season's round brought hardly any surprises, with all First Division teams safely through, though three of them needed replays.

It is already clear that the later stages will be hotly disputed since the present league championship, for example, has produced several shocks which indicate an unusually even balance of strength between the top clubs. Such events as Zürich's sensational home defeat by lowly Biel to the tune of 5-3—after leading 3-1 (!) and Lausanne's 3-0 lead turning into a 3-4 slump against Young Boys at Berne, are a warning that anything might happen in the sudden death tournament—the cup.

The "big two" soon recovered from these mishaps with Lausanne again three points clear of Zürich, the rapidly improving Lugano and Basle. The leaders have scored 36 goals in 11 games which speaks volumes for their finishing power and they have yet to drop a home point. At the bottom, Lucerne's position has deteriorated while newcomers St. Gallen are making a fine effort to establish themselves among the *élite*.

Preparing to meet Rumania in their World Cup qualifying tie at Bucharest, the national side played one of Yugoslavia's top outfits Hajduk Split and won 1-0 with a weakened team. Several reserves were tried out, but failed to convince manager Erwin Ballabio that they would merit promotion to the first XI. Once again, the Swiss looked good for only half an hour, then the old faults like lack of application and concentration were glaringly exposed.

Good news for Swiss fans: This season's Cup Winners Cup final will take place on May 21 at Basle, where the St. Jakob stadium can hold 55,000.

Leading scorers: Künzli (Zürich) 12; Peters (Biel) and Hosp (Lausanne) 10; Grahn (Grasshoppers), Müller (Young Boys), Richard (Chaux-de-Fonds) and Vuilleumier (Lausanne) 8.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Lausanne	11	8	1	2	36	19	17
Zürich	11	6	2	3	34	15	14
Lugano	11	7	0	4	19	9	14
Basle	11	5	4	2	18	13	14
Young Boys	11	5	3	3	22	18	13
Chaux-de-Fonds	11	4	3	4	28	23	11
Servette	11	4	3	4	16	17	11
St. Gallen	11	4	2	5	17	21	10
Grasshoppers	11	3	3	5	20	22	9
Sion	11	4	1	6	22	28	9
Biel	11	3	3	5	25	33	9
Winterthur	11	2	5	4	11	20	9
Bellinzona	11	3	3	5	10	19	9
Lucerne	11	1	3	7	11	32	5

THIS ENGLAND by Gordon Jeffery

Managerial difficulties

AS the Football League season approaches the half-way mark, the boards of directors of some clubs start sharpening their axes and a few more managerial heads begin to roll. It is the same almost every season—and it is all very sad and very confusing. Everyone must know that in any division of any league, one club —and only one—will finish the season in top place, one—and only one—in bottom place. And at the end of each season it is all too obvious to hail the manager of the top club as a genius and to dismiss the manager of the bottom club as a failure.

Both conclusions are absurd, but it is almost as absurd to expect that everyone appointed as the manager of a Football League professional club is necessarily a good manager and, having assumed that to be the case, to suggest (as the newspapers are fond of doing) that every dismissal of a manager is an act of folly by a board of directors who, individually and collectively, know nothing about football!

The most telling recommendation for any individual angling for an invitation to join the board of directors of all but the wealthiest of professional clubs, is the amount of money he is prepared to put into the club. He cannot expect to make any profit from his "investment"—very much the contrary in fact, although he probably does get a fair measure of local prestige that may not be a disadvantage to his business interests.

Overwhelmingly, however, the individual who buys his seat on the board of directors of a Football League club does so because he loves football in general and, in most cases, although some have had to hawk their money around a bit, usually is a lifelong supporter of the club. Like everyone else who supports the club he probably genuinely believes that he does know something about the game, and about the particular club. It is a fortunate manager who — when things are not going too well for the club—does not have to listen to "advice" from his bosses (which is what the board of directors are).

Sometimes, it seems, he is not even offered advice—he is told what he should do (although it would seem more sensible for any board having appointed someone to do a job to let him do it!). Even worse, some directors, individually or as a board, do act behind a manager's back. This has happened recently at Brighton according to one of the club managers dismissed in this season's spate of sackings.

IDEAL

Archie Macaulay came to Brighton full of high hopes for the future. People, indeed, have had high hopes about Brighton for as long as I can remember —and with plenty of good reasons. Here is the only Football League club in a fairly wealthy county, Sussex; a club with no other Football League club competing for crowd support within almost 50 miles. A club in a pleasant South Coast town and with London only an hour away by train. An ideal place for anyone to live such that some players would probably take even a cut in their wages to move to Brighton from places that I had best leave nameless.

Yet Brighton's connection with the First Division is limited to some of the town's hoteliers acting hosts to First Division parties tuning-up before important matches. Briefly—for four seasons from 1958 to 1962—they played in the Second Division without ever finishing in the top half of the divisional table, and later had a short sojourn in the Fourth Division as if to remind them that they had been presumptious in even daring to set foot in the Second.

MOVED

However, when they did come back to the Third, together with Millwall, incidentally, for the 1965–66 season, they were full of plans for the future. Millwall, incidentally, continued their progress by finishing second (to Hull City) that season, and now, in their third season in the Second Division, give fair promise of earning promotion to the First. Even more chastening to ambitious clubs like Brighton —Queen's Park Rangers, who finished third (and eight points) behind Hull and Millwall in the Third Division in 1965–66, gained their position from the Third to the Second in 1966–67 and, as every schoolboy knows, moved on from the Second to the First at the end of last season.

So what of Brighton and their then new manager, Archie Macaulay? As I write, they are amongst the relegation-four at the bottom of the Third Division and the board have sacked Mr. Macaulay. Now Mr. Macaulay, who appreciates that a football club capable of reaching and staying in the First Division can be no more built in a day than could ancient Rome, has revealed that "of the four players who joined Brighton in the past couple of years, only Mike Everitt, £3,000 from Plymouth, was my responsibility.... John Napier, Nobby Lawton and Dave Armstrong were all signed on the say-so of the board. I had not even seen Lawton and Napier play. And after Lawton was signed, a director openly took the credit for it. As for Armstrong, he was signed against my better judgement, too."

One effect of all this—apart, that is, from the obvious dangers of individual directors feeling a vested interest in particular players and the manager having to acknowledge this—was that, according to Mr. Macaulay, the £35,000 profit made in his first two years with Brighton was frittered away by the board without reference to any team-building ideas of his own.

Brighton's chairman, Mr. Jack Whiting, asked to comment on Archie Macaulay's statements, contented himself with — "The past is past and I don't want to go into it, except to say that this is news to me."

Whether news or not to the chairman, it seems that we can accept that Mr. Macaulay, like many a manager before him and many to come, was made to seem responsible for a lack of success by Brighton for which the interference of directors was at least also, and perhaps largely, responsible. But managers go, directors remain—even when the fans demonstrate for their removal.

BANNERS

This happened at Villa Park when Aston Villa were beaten by Preston and dropped to the very bottom of the Second Division—and, clearly, the fans concerned had come to the match prepared for defeat and prepared with banners demanding that "The Board Must Go".

But the board is the club and the reaction of Villa's board was to sack their manager, Tommy Cummings. Cummings, for many years Burnley's centre-half, came to Birmingham only 16 months before after a successful start in football managership with Mansfield. His assignment was to restore Aston Villa to their old glory, or at least to get them back into the First Division from which, for the second time in a decade, they had just been relegated. Mr. Cummings had money to spend—something like £200,000 on transfers in his brief tour of office. What Villa's board were not, apparently, prepared

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Harry Catterick.

Tommy Cummings.

Jimmy Adamson.

to give him was time—time, for example, to develop the youth scheme he felt was wanted, but would need three years to show results.

And between the departures of Archie Macaulay from Brighton and Tommy Cummings from Aston Villa came the saddest of sacked manager stories — Alex Stock's from Queen's Park Rangers. QPR have the sort of successful youth scheme that Tommy Cummings presumably had in mind for Villa, and largely with home-produced youngsters plus the shrewd acquisition of experienced older players like Les Allen, Ron Springett and, most surprising of all, Bobby Keetch, they advanced rapidly under Alex Stock's managership from the Third to the First in three seasons, taking the Football League Cup on their way.

ACCEPT

Mr. Stock's misfortune is that QPR rose too quickly—or perhaps that Rodney Marsh was badly injured in a pre-season practice match against Raith Rovers! With a fit Marsh in the team from the beginning, QPR might have been two or three places from the bottom of the table at the middle of November instead of being *on* the bottom —and I cannot imagine that even the QPR bosses would have counted as a failure the near-relegation position that is common to most promotees these days in their first season. But the actual bottom was more than they could accept—and out went Mr. Stock.

So we have it — Archie Macaulay starts off by augmenting Brighton's finances but gets the boot when a team, including players bought by directors with the money the manager had husbanded; fails to produce the expected results; Tommy Cummings, who had money to spend on players, goes out still hankering for time in which to have developed an effective youth policy; Alex Stock, on the other hand, was as successful as any club could expect a manager to be in bringing QPR from the Third to the First in the shortest possible time, and in organising a youth policy that has produced players worth thousands to the club if they go into the buying-and-selling market.

Managers, it seems, just cannot win and although I think it is fair to say that there are not 92 competent managers circulating around the Football League clubs, and good managers are relatively few, any manager who is axed by his club can recall the case of one of Tommy Cummings's recent predecessors with Aston Villa—Joe Mercer who, given the time and possibly the confidence of the directors, might well have done for the Villa what he has done for Manchester City.

It is impossible for anyone not closely connected with a club to assess the real merit of a manager. It seems reasonable if a club is successful to assume the manager to be a good one but that is actually a short-sighted assessment and it is not difficult to recall cases of managers who have inherited a playing staff on the edge of greatness, enjoyed the glamour of the success that followed, and then departed leaving a playing staff made up of ageing good players and mediocre new ones. The good manager was the one who developed the successful side; the bad one his successor who did nothing worth while to maintain the overall strength of the club's players.

UNFAIR

Actually so much is required of a manager that it seems to me unlikely that any one person can cope, and the fortunate (or wise) clubs are those that have a successful duo as, obviously, Manchester United with Sir Matt Busby and Jimmy Murphy, Manchester City with Joe Mercer and Malcolm Allison, Leeds with Don Revie and Les Cocker.

Directors are, or should be, in a better position than the fan, the sports writer, and possibly even the player, to sense how things are going in their club as a whole, and, as I have written before, it is unfair to depict all directors as pot-bellied bullies deficient in football knowledge or to deny them the right to engage and discharge managers.

Where mistakes are made, and injustices done, is when a board having appointed a manager deny him either the time or the free-hand to do what, presumably, they had engaged him to do. And the Brighton, Aston Villa and QPR boards might take note that generally speaking the more consistently successful clubs are those where the manager enjoys the confidence and support of the board of directors —in periods of heavy going as much as in good times. An immediate and obvious example is that of Burnley who, towards the end of last season and at the beginning of this, showed signs that they might be on the same slippery slope as that taken by their Lancashire neighbours (Preston, Bolton, Blackburn, Blackpool) in recent seasons.

Bob Lord, Burnley's chairman, may have offended too many people in football by pricking their bubbles of conceit, to be the most popular club chairman (outside of his own small but proud domain) in English football, but he knew enough about the latent strength of his club, had sufficient confidence in his managerial duo, Harry Potts and Jimmy Adamson, not to panic. Instead, Burnley are shaping towards the top again.

On the way to the top, incidentally, they would need to overtake Everton, whose manager, not so very long ago, was being abused and even physically beaten-up by Everton "fans"! Mr. Catterick and Mr. Potts (and many others, of course) are able to plan for tomorrow in the confidence that they will see the results of their planning because they have the support of their bosses—I am sure such managers appreciate their good fortune.

But I suppose, some of the club chairmen and directors who do interfere would claim that they would like to be in a position of leaving their manager to manage without their interference!

SANGUINE MILLIONAIRES LOSE THEIR NERVES

Two journalists attended the meeting in Chicago that decided the fate of American professional soccer. One looked bored by the proceedings. The other was BRIAN GLANVILLE, returning home from South America and Mexico City via the USA. Brian, one of the world's leading and most respected football writers, also turns his attention this month to the disgraceful rise in the cost of public pitches during the past few months.

WHILE fat girls sat by the motel fire and the thermometer registered 69 degrees, the fate of American professional soccer was dismally decided in the bowels of the O'Hare Inn on the outskirts of Chicago. That was as long ago as November 1, but since I was one of the only two journalists who thought it important enough to cover, perhaps I may be excused for animadverting on the subject. The other journalist, by the way, was the solitary American, a gentleman from the "Chicago Daily News" who could scarcely have looked more bored by the proceedings. Once, he watched me with mingled scorn and incredulity as I took notes of a conversation, asking me at last, "What are you writing, a book?" A funeral oration would, in the circumstances, unquestionably have been more appropriate.

Readers of these columns will be well enough aware of my views on the way the professional game has been promoted in the States, of the flagrant errors which were made. Now, with the humiliating and ignominious collapse of the North American League, those errors have come home to roost; though they need not have done. The sad truth is that the sanguine millionaires lost their nerve. They could have drawn in their horns, and embraced the perfectly reasonable proposal advanced by the New York Generals and previously accepted by the majority of the clubs; to form a smaller, more rational league, with only eight clubs playing each other only twice, only on Sundays. Previously, there was a ragtime schedule which entailed the clubs playing on practically every day of the week, dancing to the tune of the baseball teams which owned the stadia used by so many of them.

If that likeable, efficient young lawyer Gene Scott, better known as a Davis Cup tennis player, had had his way, the New York Generals would have moved from huge, opprobrious Yankee Stadium to the more suitable purlieus of Randalls Island. The new manager, succeeding Freddie Goodwin, now with Brighton and Hove Albion, would have been Jackie Mansell, the former Rotherham manager who once played left-back for Portsmouth (and before that, Brighton, as it happens). Mansell had been manager of the Boston Beacons club, which was just about to fold up.

The new North American plan is the sort of thing with which they should have begun; a carefully cautious programme which involves the sponsoring of a solitary representative team, and the professed good intention of encouraging local soccer, in the areas of those eight clubs involved. What really surprised me was the enthusiasm for this moratorium of the people from the Atlanta Chiefs, one of the pathetically few American clubs which was decently organised and moderately successful. Both the amiable, efficient Dick Cecil and the lively, emphatic Phil Woosnam, general manager and coach, were all for the laying to rest of their own, and the other, clubs.

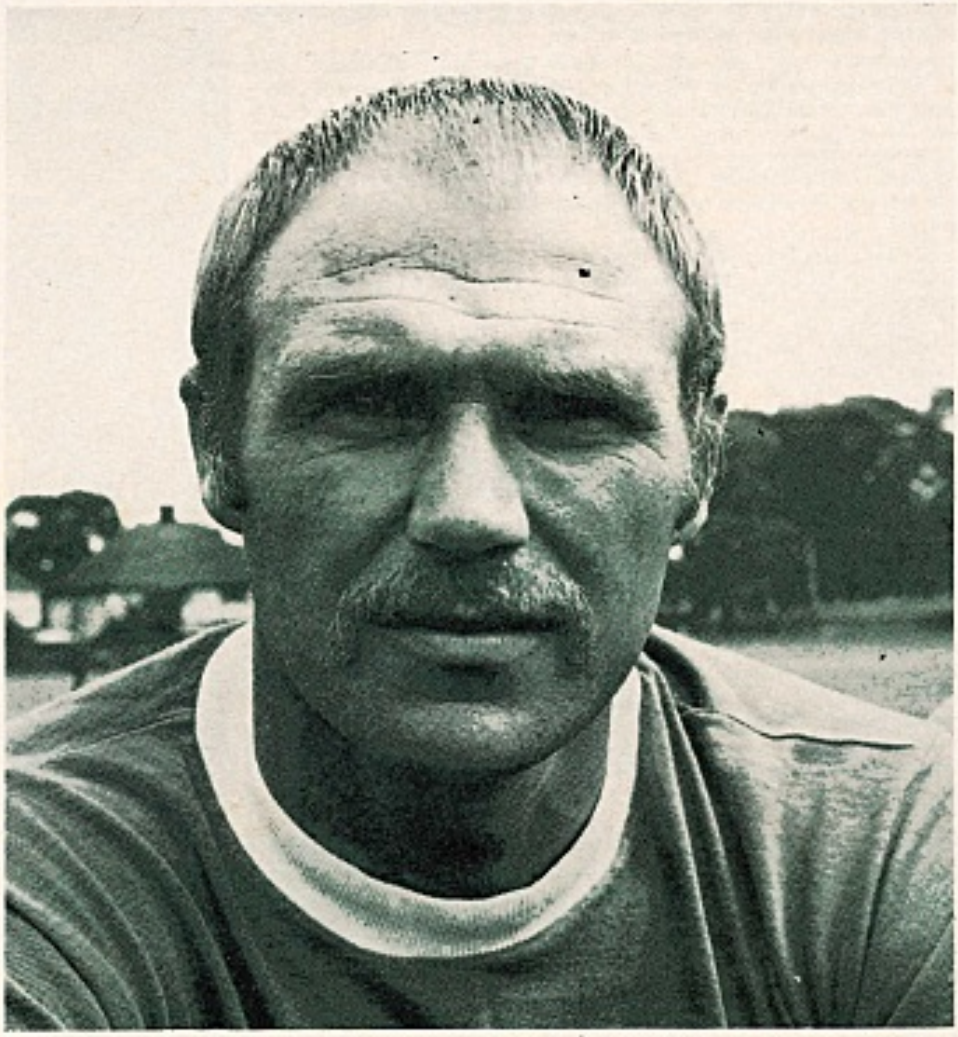
Woosnam, indeed, argued for the decision with a Welsh fervour which might have suggested to the Freudian cynic that he really didn't think very much of it; that his ultimate audience was himself. Nobody was bigger than the game, he said; a sentiment with which one could scarcely disagree. He added, with the solidarity of an old guard Communist, that whatever decisions had to be taken were, he was sure, going to be in the interests of football; that the men who were taking them were those on whom the final responsibility

John Lima joined Toronto Falcons from Espanol in 1968 but has now returned to his native Spain. He has also played for Elche, Cordoba and Jerez.

devolved and so—one gathered—were in some sense above criticism. Moreover, he said, they might well have reasons we knew nothing about. In that case, I suggested, overwhelmed by such passionate advocacy, was it not reasonable to criticise them on the basis of what one did know? If they had ulterior explanations and wouldn't reveal them, they could scarcely complain if they were judged on what *was* revealed.

All this, however, was mere *obiter dicta*; or, if you like, a coda to the funeral oration. There is more and more soccer being played in the United States, and one remote day perhaps enough of it will be played, and watched, to make professionalism a genuine possibility. At the moment, however, there is no bridge between the two worlds. The two unhappily begotten leagues, the "outlawed" NPSL, the short-lived USA League, merged into a single league, but too many mistakes had already been made. Money was poured out where it should have been saved, and held back where it should have been spent. Thus in Mexico City, Rudi Gutendorf, the slight, blond, good-looking young German who managed St. Louis, told me that he was earning $50,000 a season; a salary, he suggested, which put him second only to Helenio Herrera. Another $50,000 was trustingly paid to the Grey Advertising Agency by the New York Generals, whose crowds still, alas, remained at an average of something under 3,000.

Ted Solotaroff, the editor of the *New American Review*, the literary quarterly, told me that even when he took his son into the "bleachers", the cheaper seats, there was virtually no English spoken; he heard Italian, Spanish, German, even Hebrew. And the match, Benfica versus Santos, was the kind which might have been expected to attract the generality.



England and Everton left-back Ray Wilson would have been in the World team that played Brazil had Dettmar Cramer been a selector. (A)

Repressing

To proceed with that depressing serial, the extortionate increase in the price of public football pitches. It will be recalled that when we last left our villains, the local government authorities, they had unforgivably put the cost up by, in many cases, over 100%, London and Birmingham being the principal offenders.

Now I have before me a letter from a reader in Birmingham which tells a most depressing tale. "I have," he says, "been writing to different Government departments in the hope that somewhere common sense might prevail, but no, each department passed me on to another. In the end the Ministry of Housing and Local Government tried to fob me off with a reply almost identical . . . to that the Birmingham Parks Department was churning out. It was quite obvious that they had not taken an extensive and objective look into the problem."

He pursues: "We have had to play in appalling conditions and had to face knee-high cold showers and on these occasions we walked semi-naked through the rain to get to them."

These, by and large, are the pleasures of poor people, whom government departments and self-satisfied local councillors are used to brushing off with easy disdain. I understand from my correspondent that the chairman of the Birmingham Parks Department, one Councillor Silk, was chiefly responsible for pushing through these lamentable increases. In that case, secretaries of football clubs in the Birmingham area should act accordingly; should see that Councillor Silk (if he indeed be responsible) is vigorously lobbied, and made aware of how great a burden has been placed on local teams. God knows whom one lobbies in that great, faceless Leviathan, the Greater London Council, but I shall find out if I can.

Chief coach

I saw, in Mexico City, a great deal of the tiny but remarkable Dettmar Cramer, FIFA's chief coach, for three years the mentor of the Japanese team (and Kamamoto) and the coach-cum-selector of the Rest of the World team which played Brazil. If he had had his way, he told me, he would have picked FIVE British players: Ray Wilson, Bobby Moore, Bobby Charlton, Jimmy Johnstone and George Best. Others who would, were they available, have figured in the Rest of the World side were Gianni Rivera and Karl Heinz Schnellinger. Giacinto Facchetti of Italy would have been a reserve; Cramer believes that Wilson plays more effectively on his winger.

Gibby faces tough task

IRISH NEWS by Colin McAlpin

AS the New Year dawns supporters of struggling Portadown are wondering if the return of Gibby McKenzie will mean success at last. For certainly success has been the missing link at Shamrock Park for the past couple of seasons and particularly so this term during which the side has won only a handful of games and suffered defeat after shattering defeat.

Portadown has never really been a great side—although when he was manager before McKenzie, who gave up his post as full-time Manchester City scout to take over, did take the mid-Ulster club to within a point of the League Championship twice and the Irish Cup final once—and supporters cannot expect the new boss to make a title-winning team out of virtually nothing. At best they can hope for a sign of a breakthrough this season and a continued revival next.

McKenzie, a Scot who has been with Linfield, Glentoran, Bangor, Shelbourne in Eire and a South African club, knows well what the task on hand is. He is confident, of course, that he can get the team moving after a season of stagnation and his first success was in signing two useful players in Ballymena United's inside-forward, David Cairns (whose boss at the Showgrounds, Alex Parker, wanted him to remain), and Ards centre-forward Gorman.

Eamonn Gorman, of course, is no stranger to the Ports for he was their leader for ten years before a disagreement over terms with the previous manager, Jim Conway, forced him to try his luck elsewhere. He went to Glentoran and later to Ards, but never really settled down to a regular first-team place. He is noted for his ability to get the goals—he was one of Portadown's top scorers for years—and even if he is, in modern football terms, something of an "old stager", Gorman should add much-needed punch to what has been a pretty lifeless Portadown attack.

Any revival in fortune for Ports will take time and if McKenzie at least gets a few good results this season he will have done well. A keen enthusiast of youth policies, he will nevertheless give all his time to the senior side for the moment for he knows that it is the success or failure of the Irish League team that will lay the foundations of a successful club.

Up in County Antrim, Ballymena United have sneaked up the ratings to become the surprise packet of Irish League football. For the greater part of the Ulster Cup programme United were a poor, shiftless side. In an effort to come up with a forceful combination boss Alex Parker permed the side week in and week out — still without much luck. Then when the League programme began he found the best line-up, stuck to it and watched the team move steadily upwards.

Such has been the vast and startling improvement in the fortunes of United that the pundits are freely tipping them as a team which could, given suitable luck, take the Irish Cup.

Just short of the half-way stage in the League programme saw United in joint fourth with 12 points from ten games. While the position made them long-shot outsiders to take the title (which I doubt they have the overall ability to do at the moment) it was still an improvement on their poor Ulster Cup rating. It was a position, too, that gave them the title of one of the League's most improved teams.

Ambitious

The former Everton and Scotland player, Parker even went as far, in November, as to organise a knock-out cup competition for local junior teams so that he could see at first hand what potential talent was in the neighbourhood. If this competition proves to be a success the ambitious and hard-working Parker might even consider the future formation of a junior league. It's certainly an unusual way of keeping a close eye on the up-and-coming talent.

Alex Young, pictured when Everton won the FA Cup in 1966, has now left Glentoran and joined Stockport County. (A)

At the half-way stage of the championship race it was interesting to see that Ards were well up with the front-runners (were, in fact, one of them). Ards have always been a solid enough side but have never really fulfilled the promises they seemed to be making to their fans. Last season, and the term before, they were well in the title hunt till the turn of the year and then they hit the slide. Manager George Eastham must be keeping his fingers crossed that the New Year will see his Castlereagh Park boys maintain their high placing and give hot favourites Linfield a fight for the title.

Those kings of inconsistency, Derry City, overcame a poor league start to get into the top four placings at the half-way stage and with centre-forward Danny Hale back to his scoring best they seemed likely to make the final stages of the championship interesting at any rate.

With Glentoran now a pale shadow of their former championship-winning form — and with the departure of Alex Young and star player Johnny Johnston (transferred for an Irish League record fee of £16,000 to Blackpool in November)—the eventual winners of the League would seem to be Linfield.

Though after ten games it could have been any one of seven teams, that's how close the games have been this season. No runaway wins by any teams these days, they have all to battle for the points (except, of course, when they meet perpetual no-hopers like Cliftonville).

Linfield, Ards, Derry City, Ballymena United, Crusaders, Glentoran and Coleraine were all in with a more-than-passing chance of the title. But I'll stick my neck out and go for Linfield if only for the fact that, traditionally, they are always a difficult side to beat.

Promptings

There has been a lot of talk about Coleraine's player-manager Bertie Peacock giving up playing at the end of this season. At one stage this season it seemed 100% certain that the former Irish international and team boss would hang up his boots but now it could go either way. If he does, and I have a feeling he will, Irish football will miss his non-stop promptings of a side which has been so very near major honours ever since he took over.

Recently I wrote in *Soccer Star* about the number of goals which are being scored in Irish League football. It's still the case, for the leading scorers in the League have knocked up no less than 254 goals between them (that's at November 16 as I type these notes).

Since the start of the season, and including Ulster Cup, Gold Cup and ten Irish League games, the scoring men have collected the goals like this: McCaffrey (Distillery) 25; Pavis (Linfield) and Hale (Derry City) 19; Hamilton (Linfield) 16; McAvoy (Ards) 15; Guy (Glenavon) and Herron (Glentoran) 14; O'Sullivan (Derry City) and Scott (Linfield) 13; Meldrum (Crusaders), McDonnell (Ballymena United), Mulgrew (Bangor) and O'Halloran (Distillery) 12; Morrow (Glentoran) and Martin (Ballymena United) 11; O'Neill (Coleraine) 10; Jamison (Crusaders) 9; Curley (Coleraine), Irwin (Coleraine) and Cathcart (Linfield) 8; Macklin (Cliftonville) 7.

Not every sacking is as ruthless as we think it is

SAYS

BRIAN SCOVELL

ALEC STOCK'S sacking shocked a good many people in the hard-bitten world of professional football. If a man who took a Cinderella Third Division side from nowhere to the First Division via the League Cup wasn't reckoned good enough to continue doing his job, who was safe?

Once more a wave of resentment about managerial sackings passed over Fleet Street and the game of soccer in general. But though I agree in Stock's case, because he was a good manager whom I believe was cruelly sacrificed, not every sacking is as ruthless as we think it is.

Read the stories after a dismissal and you would think that there was never a bad manager in the game, only bad directors. But most managers are honest enough to admit when they have had a bad time, just as players are.

Take Tommy Cummings of Aston Villa. Once Villa hit the bottom of the Second Division that was it. He had failed in his job. Everyone blamed the board but they weren't training the players, were they?

Just as there are good and bad directors, there are good and bad managers. They are judged by the only law that stays valid in soccer—if you win, you are a success. If you lose, you are a failure. Excuses don't enter into it.

Where the directors are often at fault is in their selection of the managers. Running a football team, with assets of up to and sometimes beyond £1m., is one of the most difficult jobs in the world of commerce.

Yet how often do we see directors giving the job to an ex-player who has had almost no training in the job. All he knows about is football and football training. In nine cases out of ten he will be an FA coach.

But what does he know about finances, about balancing the books, about the regulations of the Football League, the laws of the game, about writing letters, about talking to the press, about interviewing parents of boys and, most important, about handling men? Has he ever been a leader?

Is he hard enough to say to a youngster that he isn't good enough? Is he big enough to tell a trouble-making player he doesn't want him in the club?

There are no courses in soccer in man management, in the business side of the job. The ex-player who can coach is expected to pick all that up as he goes along.

As one manager told me recently: "The easiest part of the job is getting out on the pitch in a track suit and telling the players what to do.

"The real job, making decisions, starts when you get back in your office, when you're alone. It's the loneliest place in the world, a manager's office. You don't have any tools. Everything is inside your head."

The funny thing about football is that where a man has served a tough apprenticeship in the game, often being sacked on the way, usually the open sesame to better jobs, he is frequently overlooked in favour of the so-called young, track-suit manager.

In other words, experience isn't wanted. They want another greenhorn. In some cases there is an ulterior motive for this.

The secretary or general manager who is the linkman with the directors, doesn't want a man who can stand up for himself because it weakens his power. He wants someone inexperienced who has to turn to him for advice.

Downhill

Like most jobs, there is a two-way graph for managers. One starts off when the manager is young and full of ideas and fit enough to get out there with the players. This line, of course, goes downhill as he gets older.

Then there is the Wisdom line which goes higher and higher the longer he has been in the game. When these two lines meet, usually at the half-way stage in the manager's career, he is at his peak.

Ron Greenwood of West Ham and Bill Shankly of Liverpool are two managers I would now say are at their peak. Greenwood had the advantage of managing a non-League side in Eastbourne United before he became assistant at Arsenal then boss at West Ham. He had the ideal grounding.

But not many of his colleagues were fortunate enough to work their way up like this. Most of them started at the top. And many failed.

Nowadays the tendency is towards having a wise old head as manager, like Joe Mercer at Manchester City, with a young, eager coach (Malcolm Allison) under him to get out on the pitch with the players.

Arsenal have Bertie Mee (inside) and Don Howe (outside). Burnley have Harry Potts and Jimmy Adamson. Southampton have Ted Bates and John Mortimore. And so on.

But there are still scores of one-man bands—like Dave Sexton, Noel Cantwell, Harry Catterick, Don Revie, Joe Harvey, Alan Brown, Bill Nicholson, Alan Ashman and Ronnie Allen.

These men have to make big decisions every day. Decisions that could cost their directors £100,000 if they slip up. It's a lot of responsibility to carry.

And there's not much time. That's the real enemy in football . . . time. That's why the directors can't wait for a young man to learn the ropes and work his way up.

That's why so many fail. Why there are so many sackings. It's a hard, hard world!

The former "Dynamic Duo" of Loftus Road—Alec Stock (left) and Bill Dodgin. (Lake)

ITALIANS GET FOUR THROUGH

Kostmann of Hansa Rostock intercepts from Maraschi and Rogora of Fiorentina in their Fairs Cup tie. (UPI)

FAIRS CUP REVIEW
by ARTHUR ROTMIL

EUROPE'S largest and most complex tournament, the Inter-Cities Fairs Cup, entered its 11th edition with the biggest ever number of participants from a record 27 countries. As expected, the organising committee had a mammoth task on its hands in helping to arrange the first round fixtures, but to those who readily complain that this competition is too cumbersome and difficult to manage, I would point out that the 60 games involving 60 teams—after KB Copenhagen and US Luxembourg withdrew for political reasons due to the Czech crisis—were in fact completed within six weeks. And if you consider that two matches were played on October 23, while the rest ended by October 9, then this period is brought down to only four weeks.

Of the nine countries, England, Scotland, West Germany, Spain, Yugoslavia, Italy, Portugal, France and Belgium, who were allowed a maximum of four teams each, only Italy managed to get all its entrants safely into the next round. On the other hand, Yugoslavia, France and Belgium lost three clubs each. Sadly, in three cases, the toss of a disc—that most wretched of all methods of "success"—decided in favour of Spaniards, Turks and Frenchmen, to the exclusion of English, French and Portuguese sides respectively. Another three ties were decided under the away-goals count-double rule. Holland and Switzerland, who had three contestants each, managed only one survivor between them — DWS Amsterdam, who beat Beerschot by 3-2 on aggregate.

The Italians marched on with three victories against all the Swiss entrants. Most emphatic were Bologna's 6-2 aggregate win over Basle and Juventus's 4-0 against Lausanne, while Napoli succeeded by 3-2 v. Grasshoppers. The fourth, Fiorentina, eliminated the 1967 winners, Dynamo Zagreb, also by 3-2. Next best performances came from English, Scottish and West German sides, each of those countries losing one entrant but getting through three qualifiers. Perhaps the unluckiest were Liverpool, who lost 1-2 in Bilbao then squared the tie at home, only to go out on a toss-up, after extra time. The Scots lost Morton, beaten by Chelsea 9-3 overall, but equally crushing was the 2-9 defeat of 1860 Munich as executed by Legia Warsaw.

Progress was made by the holders, Leeds, who held Standard to a goalless draw at Liege, then trailed 0-2 at home with 39 minutes left, but pulled back sensationally to win 3-2. Newcastle surprised themselves by thrashing strongly fancied Feijenoord 4-0 at St. James's Park and got through despite losing 0-2 in Holland. Glasgow Rangers found Vojvodina a tough proposition but succeeded by 2-1. Aberdeen overcame Slavia Sofia 2-0, while Hibernian scored a fine 3-0 victory over Olimpija at Ljubljana and followed up with a 2-1 home win, thanks to two penalties. Of the West Germans, Eintracht Frankfurt had few problems with Wacker Innsbruck winning 5-2, Hannover knocked out Odense (Denmark) 4-2, whilst Hamburger SV dismissed Metz (France) by 7-3. France's two other fallers were Nice, beaten 4-2 by East Germany's Hansa Rostock, and Olympique Marseille, who drew 2-2 with the tough Turkish side, Goeztepe, but lost—by the disc!

Spanish sides, who used to do well in this tourney, again disappointed on the whole. Apart from Bilbao, only Zaragoza progressed at the expense of Bulgaria's Trakia Plovdiv, but only under the away-goals rule after the scores were 3-3. But this regulation proved disastrous for Atletico Madrid, who thus bowed out to Belgium's Waregem after the tie stood level at 2-2. The most sensational clash of the entire round, however, was between Valencia and Sporting. First the Portuguese won 4-0 at Lisbon then the Spaniards turned on the heat at home and pulled back to 4-4. Unhappily for them, Sporting got the vital goal in extra time to move forward. Portugal's other survivor of the round included the renowned cup-fighters Vitoria Setubal, who made short work of Northern Ireland's Linfield by 6-1. There was bad luck for Academica to be chucked out by Lyon on a toss of a disc after a 1-1 draw, and for Leixoes, who went out to Rumania's Argesul Pitesti under the away-goals ruling.

Yugoslavia's solitary success was provided by OFK Belgrade, who figured in another highly dramatic tie. After losing 1-3 to Rapid in Bucharest, they pulled back by the same score, then in extra time hit another three goals to win by 7-4. OFK's hero was Santrac, who scored four goals in the return match. Greece did extremely well to get both its contestants into round two. Panathinaikos disposed of Daring Brussels 3-2, while Aris Salonika, who struggled to a 1-0 home win, demolished Hibernian in Malta by 6-0.

In the other ties, Czechoslovakia's sole entry, Slavia Prague, toppled Wiener Sportklub by 5-1, Eire's Dundalk edged out Dos. Utrecht 3-2 after extra time, while Sweden's single participant, AIK Stockholm, pipped Norway's Skeid Oslo also by 3-2.

A most interesting feature has been the enormous disparity of gates, with British crowds showing greatest interest as revealed by these highest attendances:

Rangers v. Vojvodina	60,000
Liverpool v. At. Bilbao	54,500
Feijenoord v. Newcastle	48,000
Newcastle v. Feijenoord	46,300

By comparison, some abysmally low gates were recorded on the Continent as follows:

Eintracht Frankfurt v. Wacker Innsbruck	900
AIK Stockholm v. Skeid Oslo	1,000
OFK Belgrade v. Rapid Bucharest	2,000
1860 Munich v. Legia Warsaw	2,000
Slavia Prague v. Wiener SK	2,000

Unfortunately, some of the closely fought ties brought out the worst in bad tempered players, six of whom were sent off: Trivic (Vojvodina), Jovanovic (Olimpija), Michaud (Basle), Aust (Innsbruck), Greig (Rangers) and Kaspersen (Skeid Oslo) —the goalkeeper!

As I write, the latest position is as follows: Third round qualifiers are Zaragoza, DWS Amsterdam, Goeztepe, Setubal, Glasgow Rangers and Legia Warsaw. Second round ties: Hibernian lead Lokomotive Leipzig 3-1, Leeds lead Napoli 2-0, Newcastle and Sporting 1-1, OFK Belgrade lead Bologna 1-0, Ujpest lead Aris 2-1, Juventus and Eintracht 0-0, AIK lead Hannover 4-2 and Hansa Rostock lead Fiorentina 3-2. To play: Hamburger v. Slavia Prague and Panathinaikos v. Bilbao.

ON REFLECTION BY DAVID MILLER

SOCCER, like so many things in life these days, is imitative. Fashions, physical and tactical, come and go; some find passing success. The pattern in the World Cup in Mexico may well have been established in England two years ago, when three of the four semi-finalists were of the hard, disciplined physical school—England, West Germany and Russia, the only intruders being Portugal, who anyway only got so far by default of Brazil, Hungary and, remarkably, Korea, who squandered that three-goal lead. Because of the success of England and Germany in 1966 it is probable that the South Americans will be ready, as they see it, to swap blows more on level terms in 18 months' time. Thus there is obviously the danger that the next World Cup could be the dirtiest yet, perish the thought. On the other hand, what may save the situation is the Mexican heat, which will be against those who depend on the contemporary, magical element—work-rate. To accommodate European television, the matches are being played in the day-time, and I feel that players, and nations, who can use their heads to save their legs, who can best organise their tactics to conserve their energy, will come into their own.

Thus, although Brazil departed from England in 1966 muttering about the intimidation which had been rife, and unchecked by British referees, it would be entirely against their own interest for Brazil now to change their style and attitude in order to match the "European" challenge. The boot should now be on the other foot, and we shall have once again to worry about them. And because of the factors of climate and altitude, I wonder to what extent Sir Alf Ramsey will, indeed must, adapt the needs and structure of the England team. There is the obvious risk that some of the same kind of players who did so well in 1966 may be burned out by half-time under the Mexican sun.

Clearly Ramsey has his ideas about the situation, after visiting Mexico for the Olympic tournament, and he will be back there with an England team for two matches against Mexico next June. Whatever he has learned, he is for the moment keeping it to himself. There is the story going round of his encounter with a British journalist during the Games. "Well, Alf, what d'you think about this altitude problem?" enquired this journalist, with a trifle too much familiarity for someone, not from the soccer circuit, approaching the soccer-sphinx for the first time. Ramsey replied after the usual deliberation: "Football is a game of running, jumping, stopping and starting, which is very taxing upon the muscles." "And so?" asked the journalist, by now on the edge of his seat with expectancy. "I'll leave you to pick the bones out of that one," replied Ramsey, as enigmatic as ever.

Yet possibly there is just the smallest indication that Ramsey may be leaning towards a change in principle, a movement away from the blend of perpetual motion and sweat which he rates so highly. I refer to the inclusion of Osgood in the Football League team which so narrowly beat the Irish League on a paddy-field in Belfast at the end of November—an Osgood who has this season exhibited all the old disinclination to work at the game, while quite clearly possessing a fund of natural ability lacking in many other players with solid club reputations. Osgood is not a player of moods so much as one of intermittent peak moments, of the kind that can turn a game but on which many contemporary managers now frown.

This has not even been a good season for Osgood so far, like the one leading up to the World Cup in 1966 when press reports were ecstatic every other week. But he does show signs now and then of maturing, of using his abilities more in relation to the players around him, and he did enough in the match in Belfast to have earned further trials from Ramsey, even if not against the Bulgarians at Wembley.

The Belfast game was valuable, even in appalling conditions, for evidence about other players besides Osgood. For instance Labone had yet another fine match, and is so obviously the best centre-half we have that it will be a severe loss if he decides to go through with his intention of retiring. Ramsey, I know, hopes to persuade him otherwise, and Ramsey can be very persuasive. Time will tell, but it is encouraging that last year, during one of England's practice weeks at Lilleshall, Labone did say to me that if he should gain a permanent place in the team it might make him change his mind. We can only hope so.

Smith, who has been having an outstanding season with Liverpool, was as hard and efficient as ever at the back alongside Labone—a capable deputy for Moore should the need arise. West also had a promising game in goal and must now have stolen a march on the other contenders for Banks's place—Bonetti, Stepney and the young Springett. If nothing else, we have no shortage of goalkeepers.

Elsewhere the match was less satisfactory. Radford looked out of his class, and Thompson was as skilful but frustrating as only he can be. If only that talent could be harnessed. If we are to find a forward, out of the blue so to speak, like Hurst in 1966, then it may possibly be young Evans, who has made such a notable start to his new career at Liverpool. He showed some shrewd touches in the Under-23 team which made heavy weather of Holland at Birmingham, and I forecast that more will be heard of him before the season is out—at all levels.

PETER OSGOOD. (PPI)

ITALIAN NEWSLETTER

"Vesuvius" Charlton!

from CHRIS WEST

Lots of feet, arms and heads but where is the ball? Inter-Milan defender Giancarlo Cella (striped shirt) tries a backward kick as Roma forward Giuliano Taccola twists his head downwards. Inter won this league match 3-1. (UPI)

IF there is one thing the Italians have, apart from their love of wine, women, song and bright colours, it is a gift for nicknames. In various of these Newsletters which I have sent you from Italy, you will perhaps have noted the colourful names which Italians use to describe football heroes, both Italian and foreign. Sometimes, of course, as in the case of Norbert Stiles, the nickname is rather rude (i.e. "Il Bruto", "The Ugly One"). These sobriquets are, nevertheless, given with great affection.

Now a new nickname has entered the Italian footballing vocabulary: Jackie Charlton, brother of our beloved Bobby (whose own Italian nickname can be roughly translated as "The Cannon-Ball"), is now Jackie Vesuvius, or Jackie "Il Vesuvio Umano". This name has become current after Leeds' 2-0 defeat of Napoli in the second round of the Fairs Cup.

Milan Football Club, with 12 points, are still the top Italian team this year, but Cagliari, with 11 points, are this season's surprise team, having just beaten Roma 4-1 away from home. The *Gazzetta dello Sport* declared: "It seems that any other team will need 13 players to stop Cagliari." Indeed, the man of the season so far is Cagliari's left-winger Riva, the Italian international (often confused with Rivera of Milan), who is the season's highest goal-scorer with nine goals from seven games.

Adversaries

Third place in the First Division is shared by Inter, Juventus and Fiorentina, who all had an indifferent start to the season, with 9 points, 3 behind Milan and 2 behind Cagliari. Juventus seem to be coming back into form. On November 18 they had a tremendous "derby" match against Torino, the local adversaries whose ground they share. The relationship between the two teams has always been tense, and it it interesting to note that in 147 meetings, Juventus have won 59, Torino 54, with 34 draws; goals for and against being as follows: Juventus 238, Torino 224.

In this last "derby" match, things got so exciting that the Torino manager collapsed and had to be taken to hospital. His condition, fortunately, is not serious! Before the season's biggest crowd, Meninchelli scored in the first half for Juventus, and at half-time the score remained at 1-0. In the 12th minute of the second half, Combin quickly got an equaliser for Torino, but Anastasi, who is going a long way to proving himself one of the world's greatest footballers, scored the winning goal for Juventus in the 42nd. It is fair to say that Juventus are at last beginning to show the form which everyone expected: they are still a little "precious" in attack (Anastasi tends to get the same rough handling as his British counterpart Best, but has so far managed to avoid serious injury).

Another interesting aspect of the Italian scene is the argument now raging ("Viva

l'Italia"!) about the reduction of the First Division from 18 to 16 teams, a subject I touched on in the last Newsletter. English divisions are large and unwieldy by comparison, but this spreading of talent leaves room for a "surprise" team to enter the top bracket (such as Queen's Park Rangers).

It is much more difficult in Italy, where Milan, Inter, Juventus, Torino, Napoli and Roma have dominated post-war football. Doubtless a "class" polarisation will take place in England as well, and eventually there will be a super-league, but we should be grateful that an Italian situation does not yet exist here. Columns and columns in *Gazzetta dello Sport, Tutto Sport, Il Giorno, Il Corriere della Sera* and *La Stampa* have been devoted to our proposals for a maximum wage: the general concensus of opinion is that Italy ought to have established a similar system long ago before transfer fees and bonuses got out of hand, but that the proposed wage system in "Socialist Britain" might lead not just to a "levelling-out", but to a "general level of mediocrity" which the more Right Wing Italians feel already exists in our society as a whole.

Prominent

I should now like to quote a prominent article from the *Gazzetta dello Sport* about Manchester United's Carlo Sartori:

SARTORI WANTED FOR ENGLAND TEAM

"Sartori, the 21-year-old Italian footballer who plays for Manchester United, has won the hearts of all Englishmen. Various pressures are being put upon him to take up English nationality so that he can play a full part on the English football scene. Another reason for this pressure is that he is being seriously considered for a place in the England team.

"English rules, unlike those of Scotland, make it obligatory for any player in the national team to be of British nationality. (Comment: I think this last statement is quite untrue, and anyway, aren't the Scots still British?) The Manchester bosses are also very worried because they fear that young Sartori, because of his Italian nationality, may be acquired by an Italian football team (forgetting that any Italian players from foreign football federations are not allowed to play without receiving special permission).

"For his part, Sartori has stated quite clearly that he would love to play for Milan or Juventus. Sartori is the youngest of three brothers who, with their father, are toolmakers in Manchester. In spite of being in England for a number of years, Sartori still finds it very difficult to speak English, because at home they always speak Italian."

Nationalistic

The British press has led us to believe that Sartori is not only British, but almost wholly anglicised. Do the above comments spring from nationalistic pride, innate Italian narcissism, or have they been made up by some enterprising Italian journalist? Perhaps the article is true: if so, it seems fair that Sartori should express these views to the FA or the League in case we mistakenly consider him "one of us"!

This season's most unfortunate team is perhaps Roma. After their defeat by Cagliari, they now lie equal ninth in *Serie A* with 6 points. As Queen's Park Rangers brought in Docherty to replace Alec Stock, Alec's old team brought in the old magician Helenio Herrera and some of his favourite players from Inter, to revitalise the sick Roman team.

The gamble does not appear to be paying off, and the Roman crowd are becoming increasingly hostile to their own team. Helenio has now publicly declared: "I fear the worst: we *have* had some bad luck, but our rhythm has gone. Our own fans especially must loyally help and encourage us—we are literally fighting for our lives!"

Benitez, Roma's star Peruvian forward, has been suffering from sciatica and almost collapsed during the Cagliari game. He had been taking excessive doses of a remedial drug without, it appears, telling Herrera, and had to go off the field. When a man of Herrera's authority learns that a player has done something behind his back, it affects his morale deeply. This may account for the depressing statements about his team, which the European footballing public thought capable of great things this season.

Descended

Finally, a whisper in your ears: my own favourite team, Genoa (descended from a motley of English and Italian sailors who formed the Genoa Football and Cricket Club) look destined for a comeback. I shall not go into great detail about the team itself and its history, subjects which will be covered in a special feature. At the moment they share the lead in the Second Division with Foggia, after a great 3-0 win over one of the "hardest" teams in the Italian league, Catania. I wish Genoa well and hope that this season will see them gain back their rightful place in the First Division.

ITALIAN FIRST AND SECOND DIVISION

(Position after seven games)

SERIE A Team	Points	SERIE B Team	Points
Milan	12	Genoa	10
Cagliari	11	Foggia	10
Juventus	9	Lazio	9
Inter	9	Livorno	9
Fiorentina	9	Como	9
Verona	7	Reggina	8
Bologna	7	Bari	8
Palermo	7	Brescia	7
Napoli	6	Catanzaro	7
Roma	6	Lecco	7
Lanerossi	6	Perugia	7
Sampdoria	5	Reggiana	7
Atalanta	5	Ternana	7
Torino	5	Catania	7
Pisa	4	Cesena	6
Varese	4	Modena	5
		Spal	5
		Mantova	4
		Padova	4
		Monza	4

Luigi Riva—top scorer in the Italian League this season. (A)

CUP DRAWS

Quarter-Finals

European Cup

Manchester United v. Rapid Vienna
Ajax Amsterdam v. Benfica
AC Milan v. Celtic
Spartak Trnava v. AEK Athens

Cup Winners Cup

Dunfermline v. WBA
Torino v. Slovan Bratislava
Cologne v. Freja Randers
Lyn Oslo v. Barcelona

STRIKE IN FRANCE?

A HUMILIATING defeat by the amateurs of Norway in France's only saving grace, the World Cup; falling gates and falling subsidies; dissention among officials; the serious threat of a strike involving all professional players—French football is indeed in the midst of a huge and bottomless crisis.

The immediate dispute that threatens to split the sport from top to bottom is the French FA Management Committee's decision to ban a match between St. Etienne, the French champions, and Angers, League leaders in the Second Division. They argued that the only special inter-club match of this nature established on the fixture list was champions versus cup-holders, as in England, and that St. Etienne had accordingly met Bordeaux the previous August. Further, they claimed that an agreement reached with the French Professional Footballers' Association in 1964 specifically excluded special matches from raising funds for the Players' Union alone.

The French PFA's response was to call a special meeting of their general council, at which their president, Michel Hidalgo, and the general secretary, Bruno Bollini, proposed this resolution: That the UNFP (Players' Union) goes ahead with the match as planned, and that in the event of sanctions being taken against the participants, either collectively or individually, the UNFP will go on strike indefinitely."

And the match went on at Paris the following day, with the players wearing shirts identifying them only as members of the French PFA. Four thousand spectators turned up and nine goals were scored, five of them for the incognito St. Etienne, including two by the captain of the French international team, Bernard Bosquier. After the match a second meeting of the PFA resulted in a call for a new contract and the resignation of the Management Committee.

COMPROMISE

The committee, meeting the following day, dismissed the compromise solution of fining the 22 players who staged the illegal match—which it was generally believed might have at least headed off a crisis. Instead they gave St. Etienne and Angers five days' notice of their intention to suspend the players for two weeks—in spite of the Players' Union's clear intention to retaliate by ordering a strike.

St. Etienne's president, Roger Rocher, announced that he was prepared to implement the committee's penalties, but that he did not agree with their policy and was therefore resigning. His colleague from Angers, Abel Doize, said he was also going to resign. There, at press time, the matter rested, with the Management Committee split but unrelenting, the players meeting again to decide when and where to down boots.

At face value the dispute might seem petty and futile, but behind it lies a crisis of confidence and a struggle for power in the very centre of French professional football. The Players' Union and the Management Committee have been at loggerheads for years over the questions of contracts, pay and conditions for professionals. The most famous French player, Raymond Kopa, personally defied the French FA in the press and at a subsequent disciplinary meeting to suspend him, using skilful and eloquent arguments to expose his contract as the basis for slave labour. It was largely as the result of his efforts, and those of another French international, Just Fontaine, in the following year, that the contract was revised and conditions for players materially improved. This, remember, was before the Eastham-Newcastle United court case exposed the iniquities of the retain and transfer system in England.

The players have been agitating for an even better contract, which would give them the basic freedom to alter their employment that is enjoyed in almost every other profession. They have spent a great deal of money on publicising their case, and their reserves have been steadily reduced over the past year. Hence the Management Committee's reluctance to allow the PFA to line their coffers from an unofficial match, enabling them to renew their campaign—and, more significantly, to afford the strike, a threat that has been wielded as a sword of Damocles.

St. Etienne and Angers have made it quite clear that they regard the Management Committee's disciplinary measures excessive—they are hardly likely, of course, to welcome playing two or more games with practically a reserve side—and this is the second time this season that a major club has been at loggerheads with the administrators. Earlier the committee decided to increase their revenue by allowing advertising on players' jerseys and sold the rights to a mineral water company. However, Bordeaux's players flatly refused to wear shirts carrying advertisements—they said it was humiliating—the club backed them up and the committee backed down. Their decision was doubtless influenced by Rediffusion Francaise's threat to cancel their contract to televise matches.

Such internal disorder has done nothing to improve the standard of French football, which lags behind most of Europe in tactics, fitness and basic skills. The 1-0 home defeat by Norway means that short of some stupendous flop by Sweden, France cannot hope to qualify for the 1970 World Cup. In the European Cup St. Etienne has a dismal record over the past three seasons; and not one French club has survived to reach the quarter-finals of any of the three major competitions this season—Lyon, the last to go, were humiliated 5-0 by Vittoria Setubal, scarcely a great side.

SEVEN MILLION

Without a stimulus of success at the top, French clubs have been unable to attract spectators on even a respectable scale. The average gate last season in France was 5,719, a sharp decline from the figure of a decade ago, 6,847—which in itself was far below the post-war peak of 8,048 back in 1950–51. Only one French club, Racing Club de Paris, has ever attracted an average gate over 20,000—and they have gone out of business, together with another Parisian club, Stade Francais. So Paris, a city of more than seven million inhabitants, has no club nearer than Red Star—which is as though Watford had to serve London after the sensational collapse of

Bordeaux goalkeeper dives and misses as a shot from Mekloufi of St. Etienne enters the net during the French cup final last May. St. Etienne won 2–1. (UPI)

place—and might even have beaten Brazil, but for an injury to Jonquet in the semi-final. The architect of their team was Albert Batteux, whose genius also made Reims, in essence an unspectacular and uninspired team, second only to Real Madrid in Europe. While Reims and Kopa were at their heights, France fondly imagined that the basis of their professional game was somehow sound, for all the warning signs of later catastrophe. In a sense, the exceptional talents of Raymond Kopa papered over the cracks, just as his determination to improve the lot of the professional has started clubs on the downhill road to ruin. That must be the ultimate irony.

INELIGIBLE

In the African club cup, the holders, Engelbert of Congo-Kinshasha, have not wasted the reprieve given to them by the African Federation. Beaten by the rising Ivory Coast club, Africa Sport, they complained that Joseph Bleziri was ineligible because of his attachment to a French professional club and won the tie on a disqualification.

RLD DIARY — Roger Macdonald

Arsenal and Tottenham Hotspur. Many other clubs have had to give up professionalism—including CA Paris, Roubaix, Troyes, Nancy and Le Havre, the oldest club in France, founded in 1872.

Much of the weakness of French football stems from its dependence on municipal subsidies or individual benefactors. Lens, in the coal-mining belt, and Sochaux, subsidies by Peugeot motors, are little more than sporting limbs of industrial organisations. Reims, Toulouse and Lyon have been equally dependent on Messrs. Germain, Doumeng and Forest. Monaco are heavily subsidised by the revenue from Monte Carlo Casino. Stade Francais collapsed two seasons back when they lost Pouche's millions of francs, just as SR Colmar went out of business 15 years before, after the disappearance of President Lehmann.

In the present economic difficulties, subsidies from local councils are likely to be sharply reduced—at a time when some five million francs are needed to balance the budget. Much of the problem stems from French clubs' lack of business sense—for Racing Strasbourg received £20,000 and Reims £10,000 from their councils in recent appeals, but both are still in financial difficulties. At the end of last season professional clubs had an excess of expenditure over income of approximately £350,000—a huge amount when gate receipts are so pitifully low. Marseille have warned that unless they receive an immediate subsidy of £80,000 from the city, they will be unable to finish the season.

France has been living in a dream world since their exceptional and totally unexpected success in the 1958 World Cup. It was then that Raymond Kopa and Just Fontaine formed a partnership largely by accident, and that France played brilliantly to finish in third

Then, in the quarter-finals, they took on Oryx of Douala, the Cameroons champions. There was only a small crowd at the Tata Raphael stadium in Kinshasha, because Engelbert's record in recent matches was unimpressive, to put it mildly. But they suddenly found their sweetest form, and scored two goals through their outstanding outside-left, Nyembo, and a third through their captain. In the return at Douala, Oryx put on the pressure from the start, but found Engelbert's defence too well organised. Unable to score themselves, they took inordinate risks, and twice Engelbert's centre-forward, Kalonzo, found himself unmarked in front of goal. Each time his shot hit the post, and each time it flew into the opposite corner of the net—to settle the match.

Engelbert are through to the semi-finals, but another and lesser-known club, Kenya's Abaluhya, are close to a place in the final itself. Showing the Kenyans' traditional resilience and stamina, they came from behind to beat Mourada of Sudan 3-2 at home, then—even more surprisingly—won 2-0 in the away leg and should have won by a bigger margin. In the meantime the Togo amateurs, Etoile Filante, won 3-2 against Conakry II of Guinea, who dithered over a date for the return match and ultimately scratched from the competition. But Togo were no match for Abaluyha in the high altitude of Nairobi, and returned home with a 2-0 deficit for the second leg.

The fourth semi-final position goes to either FAR, the Moroccan champions, or Nigeria's Stationery Stores—mistakenly called Super Stores in a recent agency message, perhaps the result of an advertising campaign.... At any rate, in the first leg at Casablanca, FAR had almost all the play, but had only one goal to show for their pressure. After six minutes their half-back, Brahim, missed an open goal, and ten minutes later Fadili was unceremoniously dumped in the dust when he was about to shoot. FAR's captain, Bamous, took the penalty and hit the crossbar—a miss that infuriated the crowd, the more so because this same Bamous had fluffed a penalty against Senegal in the World Cup. After his second failure little went right for the wretched Bamous, who had three good chances to score and bungled them all. Indeed, the Stores actually managed an attack before half-time and Epone, their effervescent right-half, hit the bar with a fine shot from 25 yards.

In the second half FAR substituted Mokhatif for Hamoldouche—a move successful in that Mokhatif scored the only goal of the game. After 57 minutes Brahim beat three players on the wing and his accurate centre was headed firmly past Sule's flailing arms. But Mokhatif missed an even better chance to score three minutes later, then, as the Stores began to tire, shot wide of an open goal after Sule had come out to parry a fierce drive by Brahim. It took a courageous save by the Moroccan 'keeper, Allal, to prevent Mohammed Lawal from scoring an equaliser for the Stores in the very last minute.

The Moroccan Army side went to Lagos intent on securing a draw, all they needed to enter the semi-finals. In the first half the Stores did everything except get the ball into the net, and once there were 14 players involved in an incredible mêlée in front of Allal's goal. But the only score before half-time went to FAR, whose only corner-kick came to Millane Kalifa after 34 minutes. With three men on him, he met the ball perfectly and headed past Sule into the top corner.

The Stores now seemed in a desperate position, but the game tilted sharply when Lawal was tripped just inside the penalty area—although the angle seemed too acute in any case for a decisive shot. Allal bounced up and down to put the Nigerians off, but Anthony Igwe calmly placed the ball on the spot, sent the goalkeeper one way and shot the other. The Stores now had FAR on the run, and after an hour Lawal headed a second goal after another scramble in the penalty area. According to the rules, extra time should have been played, but both teams agreed to a play-off. The sky, after all, looked distinctly dark and the forecast was rain....

QUARTER-FINALS

Etoile Filante (Togo)	3	w/o
Conakry II (Guinea)	0	scr.
Engelbert (Congo-Kinshasha)	3	2
Oryx (Cameroons)	0	0
Abaluyha (Kenya)	3	2
Mourada (Sudan)	2	0
FAR (Morocco)	1	1
Stationery Stores (Nigeria)	0	2

SEMI-FINAL

Etoile Filante	0
Abaluyha	2

The 1967–68 competition for the Mitropa Cup has at last been concluded. The two-leg final was in some way a consolation for Red Star Belgrade, who received such a beating from Celtic in the European Cup. Spartak Trnava, who won last year's final, won the first leg 1-0 and held Red Star to a 1-1 draw at half-time in the second. But three goals in a tremendous ten-minute burst after the interval brought the cup to Belgrade—the first time a Yugoslav club had won the Mitropa since it began in 1927.

Brazil 1968 — Talent, yes . . . but no team

HAVING seen with considerable surprise, the total collapse of the Brazilian World Cup squad in 1966, I have been waiting in vain for signs that their "technicians" have understood the nature of the changes that have transformed the game in Europe. Perhaps transformed is too strong a word, bearing in mind that only a handful of European clubs can really be said to practise modern football, but the face of the game has been changed even if the body remains untouched.

On their recent European tour there were hints of awakening in the play of right-winger Natal and full-back Carlos Alberto but overall it remains clear that their conception of the 4-2-4 system is too rigid and inflexible. Given the necessary players then, 4-2-4 is as good as any other framework but it has been clear for some time past that though they may have an abundance of talented players the Brazilians lack the specialists that 4-2-4 demands. In particular their midfield players lag a great distance behind the high standards set by Didi and Zito and up front they have none to compare with the devastating brilliance of Garrincha and Pelé as they were in 1958.

Given a greater flexibility it is possible that the Brazilians could again be successful within a 4-2-4 framework but frankly I doubt it. Certainly they would need to develop a better understanding amongst their back four than was exhibited in the World Cup and on their recent tour. But the greatest problems seem to stem from the belief that in their system each individual player has his own particular role to fill . . . and nothing more. Switching from a defensive posture, the Brazilian teams expand as an attack is developed and then when the opposition regains possession of the ball the 4-2-4 framework is once more contracted.

This, of course, is as it should be but at any moment in the game and whatever the circumstances it is possible with a contemporary Brazilian team to pick out the front four, the middle two and the back four.

The modern European conception differs considerably, for in the expansion and contraction of the team shape, individual players are constantly changing their positions temporarily. When the enemy has the ball then as many as eight players sprint back to take up their defensive positions while even the front three are called upon —if not to defend then at least to harass the opponent in possession. When the ball is regained the team expands, immediately and in all directions. It may be said that the hallmark of a good, modern team is to be found in the degree of difficulty that a spectator has in deciding which role a player is supposed to be filling.

Realising how frequently the full-backs now move up to attack and how often the wingers drop back to help in defence, it might well be impossible for a stranger to nominate a team correctly if none of the players were numbered. The modern conception of the game can be summed up thus: when we have the ball we are the attacking team; when they have the ball we are the defending team, and in defence or attack each of our players has certain responsibilities.

Some time ago Dr. Geza Kalocsai, manager-coach of Polish league leaders Gornik Zabrze, told me that in general terms his squad plays to a flexible 4-3-3. But he added that when everyone is at his best and the team as a whole is playing really well, it becomes impossible to say who are the front three and who are the middle three. With the front six constantly interchanging and the full-backs thrown upfield in an all-out assault on the enemy goal it will be impossible to identify any of the players by their positions except the goalkeeper and the two stoppers.

Perhaps the best example of the modern, multi-purpose player is to be found in Martin Peters of West Ham. Nominally a midfield player, Peters moves up and down according to the needs of the moment. Often the first to get back into the defensive zone when an attack has broken down, he is just as regularly seen to be the most advanced player in attack. The frequency with which Peters gets himself into scoring positions close to the enemy goal indicates the tremendous gulf that exists between the English interpretation of the term "midfield player" and the Brazilians' *meia de ligacao* who is purely and simply a "link" between defence and attack.

writes ERIC BATTY

Modern coaching

The Brazilian *tecnico*, working or just wandering in Europe, can hardly fail to notice the greater flexibility now being demonstrated by the most advanced European teams. In Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo the Brazilian technicians have so far failed to introduce this flexibility because of a failure to understand the nature of modern coaching.

Not long ago one widely known and greatly respected Brazilian expert was

One of the brighter moments of the Brazilians' European Tour was their 6-3 thrashing of Poland in Warsaw. Here Jairzinho, scorer of two of those goals, tussles for the ball with Oslizlo. (UPI)

quoted thus: "It is clear that in the modern game defences must be well organised and disciplined, but we must never dare to interfere with forward play for their greatest weapon is spontaneity."

The suggestion that coaching *interferes* with spontaneity will only be acceptable to those critics of coaching who fail to recognise the difference between good coaching and bad. Critics who do not understand what is going on amongst the most advanced teams often suggest that this or that player has been *overcoached*. Players and teams are said to have lost their edge because the coach is restricting their natural abilities.

Of course, it is true that there are a great many bad coaches but all the good ones will agree on at least one fundamental: footballers, like women and animals, are creatures of habit.

Uncoached players develop their own highly personalised style of play and the probabilities are that, uncoached, the more talented players will tend to play for themselves and by themselves. At school these players will be the stars capable of winning matches on their own and they will be encouraged to do so. For the honour and prestige of the school or junior team they will be encouraged to ignore the possibilities of a collective approach because when the ball reaches one of the weaker players the move is likely to break down. Go through alone will be the advice given repeatedly to a talented player and inevitably he develops his game in complete ignorance of the players around him.

An awareness of the players around him is one of the most important qualities in a good player. Aware of his colleagues the individual player will be able to take part in a team game; aware of the proximity of opponents he will be able to judge correctly when he has time and space in which to control the ball and when he would be better advised to play the ball away first time.

Approaches

In general terms, uncoached players will be unaware of players around them and in a well coached team this awareness will be one of the key features the coach will seek to develop.

An even simpler guide to spotting the coached player from the uncoached is to observe the way in which the individual approaches the ball. In certain exceptional circumstances a good player might well stand and wait for the ball to come to him —when he has already ascertained that no one can intercept the pass and that no one on his blind side can reach him before he has controlled the ball and made his move —but in general terms the good player (well coached) will always move to meet the ball in order to play it at the earliest possible moment.

In a goalkeeper, for example, this quality or its absence, can be seen to be critical. Facing an orthodox high centre, the goalkeeper positioned at the far post should seek to intercept the ball at the earliest possible moment and reach it at the maximum possible height which is within his capabilities.

Carlos Alberto, an impressive member of the current Brazilian squad. (A)

A ball hit into the goalmouth at chest height could well be met at the near post by a sharp opponent, and the goalkeeper who stands waiting for the ball to come to him is continually exposing his goal to this danger. Similarly with a ball dropping from a great height, the 'keeper who positions himself under the ball but attempts to trap the ball between his chest and his arms when it reaches him, will be beaten by an opponent who leaps to head the ball. In this context the 'keeper must *go to meet the ball* by stretching up his arms towards it and jumping.

In a similar way outfield players must always go to meet the ball and seek to play it at the earliest possible moment. Observation shows that a great many talented forwards can be played out of a game because they stand waiting for the ball to come to them while their opponents, going to meet the ball, are able to intercept the passes intended for the "stars".

Far from seeking to limit or restrict a talented player, the good coach sets out to help the individual make the best possible use of his skills. If the player is unaware of players around him and does not go to meet the ball then the coach will attempt to develop these qualities in him.

In so doing the coach will simply be seeking to *add* these qualities to the player's natural game and among the other more important general qualities he will attempt to add are: to shoot at goal and pass the ball first time; to move into space around the player in possession in order to support him; to move forward in order to exploit space created by a team-mate.

In the simplest possible terms the good coach will attempt to get his players to look around, to think, to move themselves into space after making a pass, to support their colleagues in attack and cover them in defence, and to move the ball around quickly and accurately.

To achieve all this and more, is a very slow process and the Brazilians, in common with European critics of coaching, appear to be convinced that coaches seek to develop a strictly controlled, stereotyped style of play. Nothing could be further from the truth. The good coach will be seeking to develop in his players, habits which are consistent with the needs of the game as it is played today.

Development

The Brazilians are still seeking qualities in individual players which would have been enough to make a player a world class star a decade ago. Should they be so lucky and find a new Garrincha or another Pelé, the Brazilian technicians will leave them severely alone and will not dare interfere with the natural development of the player. They do not realise that the best European coaches have never asked, nor expected, their players to play in a way which was beyond them, physically, mentally or technically. All they ask is that the individual player plays his own natural game from week to week but that with the passage of time this *natural game* will be adapted and developed through coaching until the individual fits naturally and harmoniously in his particular role.

In addition to this basic misconception of the modern game the Brazilians have other problems which will almost certainly ensure that they will not play a major role in the 1970 World Cup. Paulo Machado, Chief of the Technical Delegation for the 1958 and 1962 World Cups, recently resigned once more and in the absence of a suitably experienced substitute the Confederacao Brasileira de Desportes produced a new formula. Aimore Moreira, chief *tecnico* in 1962 and on the recent European tour, retained his position, but was reinforced by the appointment of two assistants, Zagalo (left-winger in 1958), now manager of Botafogo, and Evaristo (former centre-forward with Flamengo, CF Barcelona and Real Madrid), now boss of America FC. Clearly these appointments were made without prior consultation with Moreira, for his immediate response was that he didn't need any assistants and made his position quite clear by resigning.

Meanwhile the Brazilian public is eagerly awaiting the next World Cup. Insisting that they have so many good players in Brazil that they could turn out five or six international teams of equal strength on the same day, they fail to recognise that a competition like the World Cup will be won not by a squad of talented individuals but by one fully integrated team playing as one unit.

COIN FARCE

DON REVIE is one of the rapidly growing band of club officials who are campaigning for the removal of the element of gambling from European competition.

He has known only triumph from the toss of a disc that is becoming a familiar sight throughout Europe when teams have reached a deadlock that even the away goal rule has been unable to break.

He has never known the utter despair when the disc falls the wrong way up, the feeling of complete frustration at the opposition's celebration of a victory that has been gained, as the rules say so quaintly, by the drawing of lots.

He does know, though, that if Leeds United retain the Fairs Cup this season they will have done so without being able to beat Napoli, who pulled back the two-goal lead established by Leeds at Elland Road but were eliminated when skipper Antonio Juliano had no stomach to nominate his choice of colour and left it to Billy Bremner to call correctly.

It was the third time in less than four seasons that Leeds had profited from the flip of a disc.

Before play-offs were removed from the Fairs Cup competition Leeds won the toss that enabled them to play a third match at home to decide a stalemate semi-final against Real Zaragoza.

The following season they won a Fairs Cup tie against Bologna by calling correctly. Now they have won again in Naples.

That record alone should be sufficient to make the superstitious Revie a great believer in winning matches without having to beat the opposition, but he told me emphatically: "Some method must be devised so that matches are decided by actually playing and not by the toss of a disc.

"I favour each team taking 11 penalties so that each player bears some of the responsibility. It might take a lot of time to complete but at least it has something to do with football and not a lottery.

"I feel really sorry for teams who have worked hard and then have to gamble everything on their captain calling correctly."

I was there in the San Paolo stadium in Naples when Bremner called correctly at the pathetic little ceremony in the middle of a magnificent ground built for football, not gambling.

A bunch of players and officials scarcely able to conceal their anxiety gathered around the referee. Some could not take their eyes off the disc, others dare not look. Most of the Napoli team wandered in the direction of the dressing-room almost as if they had a premonition of the outcome.

Football wasn't meant to be like this. Neither was it meant to have one goal count as two simply because it happened to be scored on the ground of the opposition.

Happily the European Cup and the Cup Winners Cup, which take into account away goals in the event of a draw only in the first two rounds, are now rid of this menace for another season. But teams in the Fairs Cup still have to be ultra-cautious about conceding goals in the home legs.

When this rule was first introduced into the Cup Winners Cup it was intended to eliminate play-offs and encourage away teams to attack. Now that clubs have adjusted to it tactically it has increased defensive thinking to the point where even HOME teams must guard against being too adventurous.

The spectre of away goals haunts home teams. The method has defeated its purpose. The intention was to stimulate attacking football. Now it inhibits teams. It is better to win 1-0 than 2-1 or 3-2.

Don Revie says: "The important thing is to keep a clean sheet at home. When we are playing the first leg at Elland Road I always stress the importance of not giving away a goal. I always like to take a two-goal lead with us for the away leg, but it is more comforting if it is 2-0 than 3-1."

Feature by DEREK WALLIS

At the time of the introduction of the away goals rule Anderlecht proposed that ties still level after two legs and extra time in the second leg should play on until a deciding goal was scored. This was rejected by UEFA clearly because play might have to continue indefinitely.

The prospect of football at midnight did not appeal even though Spain and Portugal are notorious for fixing kick-off times that keep players at it when most of the dedicated British types would be asleep in bed.

After the decision had been made, Hans Bangerter, UEFA's general secretary, said: "We think this will not only make things fairer but will also stimulate attacking football. If we see that it works well in the Cup Winners Cup we shall apply it to the Champions Cup."

So European football has become saddled with a rule that few responsible club officials see as the answer to a problem that arose when so many play-offs cluttered up fixture schedules that it was becoming increasingly difficult to find room for them.

But there is no point in complaining about it when the damage has been done. Liverpool grumbled when a toss of the disc against Atletico Bilbao eliminated them from the Fairs Cup this season.

Now it is up to all clubs who feel it is wrong to decide ties by the toss of a coin or by away goals to demand a new system ... but by official representations at the right time and not by angry complaint when it has happened to them.

Napoli goalkeeper Zoff thwarts an attempt by Leeds centre-half Jackie Charlton to score in the second leg of their Fairs' Cup encounter. Also pictured: Barison (left) and Mick Jones. (UPI)

STEIN FURORE

The costliest player in Scottish soccer shows his paces . . . £100,000 Colin Stein of Rangers leaps for the ball with Arbroath goalkeeper Jim Williamson. Stein didn't score with this effort but he notched a tremendous hat-trick later in the game. (A)

Scottish News by JOHN STONE

COLIN STEIN, the most exciting centre-forward to emerge in Scottish football since Joe Baker—and coincidentally, with the same club, Hibs—caused a furore when he spanned his nose at Merseyside millionaire club Everton and chose to sign instead for Glasgow Rangers.

Everton felt quite hurt after their £90,000 offer had been accepted by Hibs, then found the terms they were offering the player came well under what Mr. Stein considered himself to be worth.

The reports indicated that apart from a £4,500 signing-on fee, the 21-year-old flaxen-haired forward would collect in addition over £100 per week wages at Goodison, and also a club house.

Terms which few players in this day and age would reject, but reject them Colin Stein did. Had an H-bomb dropped on Goodison, the effect would hardly have been more shattering.

Somehow, from many people in many places in England, the reaction seemed to be one of: "He just can't do that sort of thing."

The young Mr. Stein, obviously with a shrewd business brain in a head that had become more famous for nodding home goals, had different ideas.

Of course, there was always the additional but mainly overlooked point that, as a press colleague observed, "He has Rangers tattooed on his heart."

Speaking personally, I am delighted Colin Stein stayed in Scotland. I know full well that the hordes of Rangers supporters, sickening for success for longer than they feel entitled to, are delighted at his decision.

I have no doubt at all that the Rangers' offer came somewhere into line with Everton's. But like Mr. Stein, I know full well the money will go further in Glasgow than on Merseyside.

Besides which, it keeps one of the most colourful characters in the game very much in Scotland, where everyone gets the benefit of watching his goal-scoring ability.

Eddie Firmani, South African-born boss of London Second Division side Charlton Athletic, saw Stein in his opening matches through having an interest in Alex Ferguson, the big-buy Rangers striker Stein deposed.

Firmani has travelled far and wide in football. He has cost clubs a considerable amount of money himself. And his opinion of Stein certainly must mean something.

"This boy takes half-chances," says Firmani. "Once the rest of the Rangers players get to know his style, he'll get goals by the dozen."

Stein certainly began with a bang, scoring hat-tricks in both opening League matches in his new colours, plus another couple against Dundalk in the Fairs Cup.

One of those hat-tricks came against Hibs, the club whose manager, Bob Shankly, was so reluctant to release Stein . . . at any price!

Yet the move brought another real scoring character right back into the forefront of Scottish soccer. With £30,000 of the £100,000 they collected from Rangers for Stein, Hibs bought Joe McBride from Celtic.

The much-travelled McBride, ex-Kilmarnock, Wolves, Luton, and Partick leader, was a wow with Celtic in the season immediately preceding their European Cup triumph.

Injury cost him a first-team spot, and he has never been able to re-establish himself in the Parkhead first team since.

STOCKY

Yet the Hibs fans have quickly taken to the stocky little leader, who will most assuredly get goals at Easter Road. Hibs have more than enough good players left to see Joe gets the treatment a top-class centre-forward is entitled to expect.

The Stein signing for Rangers has done something else, too. It has silenced the moaners who felt that his move to Ibrox was just one further step in the move by Celtic and Rangers to completely monopolise Scottish football.

And so it didn't come to pass . . . thanks to a team of virtual unknowns at the start of the season, but by mid-November the talk of Scottish soccer.

St. Mirren is the name. Last season's Second Division Champions. One of Scotland's best provincial clubs of the post-war era, but in recent times, as unsuccessful as almost everyone else.

The Paisley Buddies made no impact at all in the League Cup, but came the start of the League programme proper, and they became so much the surprise packets of the season that within weeks of its start, the people of Paisley were beginning to dream dreams of European soccer next term.

Again a lot of people, self included, nodded knowingly and whispered "Yes, but wait until they meet Rangers or Celtic. Then we'll see what happens."

The only team in Britain without a League defeat to their name finally did come up against one of the "Big Two" on November 16.

Rangers, complete with Colin Stein and their hordes of supporters, poured into Paisley waiting confidently for the start of a match that would see the Saints' proud march brought to an abrupt halt.

They were still waiting at the final whistle, for although Archie Wright's St. Mirren lads managed only a 1-0 win, it was enough to keep them firmly in the Championship chase, and give Rangers' hopes of taking the title from Celtic another tremendous jolt.

What St. Mirren did to Rangers, others can obviously do. Dunfermline, for example, or Kilmarnock, who already took a point from Ibrox and who, will doubtless begin to fancy their chances of taking two at Rugby Park.

So at last we may well see the League Championship being just that right into the closing months of the season.

Tactical manœuvres not common

Searching the Soccer Scene

with ARTHUR ROTMIL

NOW that we have virtually 13-a-side football at all levels, in every competition, it is surprising that so few managers have thought of using fresh players not merely to replace the injured or simply the weaker men but as a tactical move. Nothing startling has been seen in most parts of the world in an attempt to boost the attack for mostly the changes are being made to reinforce defences.

The only difference, as compared to the old substitution of only the genuinely hurt, is that we have been deprived of the comedians. The "invalids" no longer hobble away on one leg, they do not grimace with pain quite so obviously and very few fall as if pole-axed quite so dramatically as in the past. Where, oh where, are the soccer actors who could perform a "dying" scene with elegant grace and noble conviction? Knowing that a replacement is at hand, most players realise that it is useless to act for the gallery.

Seriously, though, I feel that most managers and coaches are missing out on the tactical advantage of being able to launch two spare men. Has anyone thought of training 45-minute lasting "blockbusters" who would soften up the opposing defence before giving way to the speedy technicians who could finally mesmerise and deliver the *coup de grâce* in the second half?

Well, I can name at least one famous manager who has cleverly recognised the strategic value of reserve forces. Nereo Rocco, the boss of Italy's champions AC Milan, who produced a master stroke in engaging Bologna's 30-year-old midfield ace, Romano Fogli. With nearly 350 First Division appearances and 12 caps to his credit, Fogli has been brought on as a substitute in the first five league games this season and nearly always with startling success. A classical case was the 153rd derby against arch-rivals Inter. With the score 0-0 after 65 minutes, Rocco sent in Fogli to replace right-winger Petrini. Four minutes later, Rivera placed an accurate free-kick and Fogli volleyed home the only goal of the match. It kept AC Milan at the top of the table and earned a £560 winning bonus for each player. No one can say that Rocco is superstitious, for Fogli actually wears the number 13 on his back!

Soccer owes its popularity not least to the simplicity of its rules, which remained virtually unchanged since the game was invented. And the clarity of its laws which provide punishment for every offence. Verdict and execution are applied instantly, before all to see, culminating in a penalty award—the deputy for the hangman. A team of 11 has for long been the only acceptable formula of the game. Whether the departure from that figure is an advantage depends on many factors. Perhaps the new rule of using 13 players will increase the fascination of soccer—but perhaps, too, the interest will fade when football loses its simple identity.

Of course, the freedom of fielding two fresh players will always favour the big clubs—to the detriment of the lesser fry. These are clearly bad times for David.

MEXICO 1970

Five Mexican cities have now been officially selected to stage the 1970 World Cup. The organising committee, together with FIFA representatives who toured the sites in October, have confirmed the following venues:

City	Population	Altitude	Ground capacity
Mexico City	2,700,000	7,475 ft.	105,000
Guadalajara	735,000	5,116 ft.	70,000
Leon	123,000	6,264 ft.	40,000
Puebla	286,000	3,608 ft.	35,000
Toluca	53,000	7,152 ft.	30,000

Mexico City, Guadalajara and Leon will each stage fixtures of a complete group while Toluca and Puebla will share the fourth group matches. It is understood that the automatic qualifiers England, as holders, are to play at Guadalajara while Mexico, the hosts, will head the Mexico City group. The distances to the various centres from Mexico City are as follows: To Toluca 50 miles; to Puebla 70; to Leon 216 and to Guadalajara 310 miles.

The enthusiasm for the game in Mexico can be measured by the fact that the Olympic soccer tournament drew by far the largest crowds than any other branch of sport. 530,000 fans watched the 32 games, despite the comparatively low standard of football and endless troubles on the field which resulted in a record number of 16 players sent off, including four in the final.

Athletics, always considered the principal event of the Olympiad, drew only 370,000 spectators, despite lasting for fully eight days. Next best crowds were registered for basketball, 200,000; gymnastics, 88,000; swimming, 86,000; equestrian events, 80,000; and boxing, 75,000.

FRENCH REVOLUTION 1968

French football hit rockbottom when the national side crashed to a 0-1 home defeat by the modest amateurs of Norway in a World Cup qualifying tie. The widespread opposition to manager Louis Dugauguez gathered momentum resulting in an unprecedented campaign of vicious accusations. "Incompetent", "inefficient", "slandering the character of French players"—these were just a few mild samples of critical adjectives hurled at the unhappy boss from all sides.

The 47-year-old Louis Dugauguez was a grammar school-teacher in the town of Sedan in the Ardennes, close to the Belgian border. This broad-shouldered former amateur player was engaged by a large textile works as a coach of the local team but also as a commercial director. The management wanted to experiment with professional football and Dugauguez invented the novel personality of a working player who practised sport only as a sideline. Thanks to these arrangements the club held its head above water, gained promotion to the First Division, reached the Cup Final three times and won it twice. Most of the soccer pros. could hardly claim such successes. Dugauguez's secret was not to become lost in tactical formulas, but to follow a simple, direct type of soccer but played with enthusiasm.

Sedan had no stars but Dugauguez's recipe was unique. To him a reasonably good craftsman was worth more than an artist out of form. These ideas he tried to follow when taking over the national side from Just Fontaine, the World Cup's greatest scorer of all time, after hitting 13 goals in the 1958 finals and helping France to an honourable third place. Fontaine launched himself with exaggerated optimism and promised more than he could deliver. After two defeats he was relieved of his duties. Dugauguez promised nothing, but demanded a three-year contract until the 1970 World Cup.

Certainly, the new boss was no magician, but clearly, in order to succeed, he needed

to be lucky as well as capable. It appears that Dugauguez was neither. Under his guidance France began with an impressive 4-1 win over Poland in Warsaw in September 1967, but crashed only ten days later by 1-5 to West Germany in Berlin. Next came a 1-1 with Belgium and a 3-1 victory over Luxembourg, both at home. And so to the European championship quarter-finals. After a 1-1 home draw with Yugoslavia, another cold shower — 1-5 in Belgrade, their heaviest defeat ever in an official competitive match. Since then in three home games at Marseille, Lyon and Strasbourg in that order, the French drew with West Germany 1-1, lost to Spain 1-3 and now fell to Norway 0-1, but this latest setback probably puts paid to their hopes of going to Mexico. Next assignment, by the way, is against England at Wembley on March 12.

The success of St. Etienne, who won the league championship last season a full 11 points clear of their nearest rivals and claimed the FA Cup, has naturally prompted Dugauguez to look for the stars among the "Stephanois". Six and even seven of their players were called upon but could not change their club style from an attacking 4-2-4 to a clearly defensive 4-3-3 as demanded by the national boss. Now his resignation is even sought by the Association Française des Footballeurs, of which Fontaine is president!

But French soccer is beset with other, still more lamentable problems. League gates are low and even the champions managed an average of only 14,000. Other clubs are considered lucky if they reach 10,000. The situation reached boiling point during the national strike in France last May. Workers occupied factories, students their seats of learning and the footballers? Sixty-three of them invaded the Parisian headquarters of the FFF and hoisted the so-called "Drapeau de la contestation"—which was the red flag—and a banner reading: "Football for the footballers."

In the name of 602,000 active players registered with the FFF, or as they call it here, the 3F, they demanded justice. In brief, they want better grounds and training facilities, being able to fix their own length of the season, the suppression of the Licence "B" (which restricts player-movements), better contracts and a state subsidy, like that enjoyed by other sports here.

They were promptly rewarded by a general reduction of their salaries by roughly 20 to 50 per cent (!), as from this season. And so, while all workers and professional men have had substantial pay rises throughout the country, the footballers were punished with drastic cuts. The latest chapter of this sorry tale includes disagreement over fees for advertising commercial products on the players' shirts and a threat of a national soccer strike if the FFF insist on banning the friendly match between St. Etienne and Angers, organised to raise funds for the Players' Union (UNFP).

The state of French professional football is now being raised in parliament. Press and radio commentators, experts, officials, players and the fans are in uproar. Ironically, while France has won seven gold medals in the Mexico Olympics and their sportsmen thrilled millions of their compatriots with this unexpected haul, their footballing fortunes have nose-dived dramatically. Soccer-wise, France is hovering on a dangerous precipice. Whether the proposed creation of a football dictator can save them from utter oblivion remains to be seen.

But I have the feeling that whoever is chosen will need the genius of a Napoleon, the statesmanship of Louis XIV, the cunning of Richelieu and integrity of a De Gaulle—all rolled into one, to save French football from further indignities and humiliation.

900 GOALS—BY PELE!

The goalscoring saga of Brazilian star Pelé continues. The greatest footballer the world has ever known, hit his 900th goal in first-class soccer—and before the Queen of England during her State visit to Brazil—if you please!

Pelé achieved this staggering total in 797 games for an average of more than one goal per match (1.13). This includes 703 club games, 67 internationals and 27 representative fixtures. His goals are split up as follows:

For the national side	67
Sao Paulo championship	409
Taça Brazil (Cup)	29
Friendlies and tournaments	368
Military selection	14
Sao Paulo selections and others	13
Total	900

JAIL-BIRD?

For some months now, any player sent off in Argentina can be charged with behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace and jailed for 30 days without right of appeal.

But this form of punishment can also have its lighter side. When the international Osvaldo Sosa of Boca Juniors fixed his wedding to actress Anita Gonzales recently, he had the misfortune of being sent off shortly before that, in a match against Velez Sarsfield and landed behind bars. The marriage ceremony took place in prison and was televised direct—for which the newly-weds received one million pesos (approximately £1,200)!

A new type of jail-bird, I presume. . . .

The amazing Pele has now scored more than 900 goals, but he can also save them as illustrated in the bottom picture. (A)

Latin American Commentary . . . Gordon Jeffery . . . Latin American

OLYMPICS PLAYED

THE Olympics Football Tournament played an important part in the development of the game in South America. The first post-1918 tournament, staged in Belgium in 1920, was all-European except for Egypt (eliminated by Italy at Ghent in the first round by the odd goal in three)—an all Allied and neutral powers affair. Four years later, however, in Paris and after the British associations had withdrawn from international competitions and FIFA because the latter had re-admitted the former enemy countries, Uruguay started blazing the trail for the Latin Americas whose game had been quickly developing over a decade when competitive play had been disrupted in Europe.

Uruguay, with successive victories over Yugoslavia (7-0), the USA (3-0), France (5-1), the Netherlands (2-1) and, in the Final, Switzerland (3-0) collected the Gold with the following team:

Mazali; Nasazzi, Arispe; Andrade, Vidal, Ghierra; Urdinaran, Scarone, Petrone, Cea and Romano.

They showed a high level of individual brilliance *and* an understanding of team play that dazzled the Europeans; a rhythm and elegance that owed much to the coloured "jazz" influence of players like Jose Andrade.

Four years later the Uruguayans returned to Europe and the 19th Olympics staged in Amsterdam. And this time Chile, Mexico and Argentina also participated. Mexico were well beaten (7-1) by Spain—a somewhat suspect "amateur" Spanish side that did not include the great goalkeeper Zamora but several of his international colleagues, including the inside-right Luis Regueiro (of whom more later). Chile were also eliminated in the opening round—4-2 by Portugal—but both Mexico and Chile had the chance to further justify their long trip with a consolation tournament. In Arnhem, Chile beat the Mexicans 3-1 and went on to the final of the consolation tournament where, in Rotterdam, they drew 2-2 after extra time with the host country, Holland.

One day before in the major tournament, the Argentine (previous victors over the USA by 11-2 and Belgium 6-3) had reached the final by beating Egypt 6-0, and Uruguay (previous victors over the Netherlands 2-0 and Germany 4-1) by beating a very strong Italian side by the odd goal of five. Thus the Olympics Final in faraway Amsterdam was contested in 1928 between Uruguay, the holders, and Argentina. It was drawn 1-1 after extra time but Uruguay eventually retained their title in the replayed final—by the odd goal in three!

Their team was:

Mazali; Nasazzi, Arispe; Andrade, *Fernandez*, *Gestide*; Urdinaran, *Castro*, Petrone, Cea and *Campolo*. (Changes from 1924 shown in italics.)

It was a momentous achievement by the Uruguayans—and for South American football as a whole. Of greater lasting importance was that the Uruguayan double helped to finally persuade a majority of FIFA members that the Olympic tournament could no longer be accepted as, in effect, the world football championship. The British, outside of FIFA, originally because of the dispute over the enemy countries but latterly because they objected to FIFA's blind eye view of professional players taking part in the Olympic tournaments, had been saying that for many years. Now other European countries that had openly acknowledged their professionalism (notably the Central Europeans who were absent from the 1928 Olympics) supported the idea of a world championship open to all and dissociated from the Olympics—and the World Cup was born.

It was something of a tragedy—and possibly a major reason for the divisions that still cause dissent in world competitions—that the British associations not only continued to stay outside of FIFA but also declined invitations to appear in the World Cup competitions despite that non-membership.

The Latin Americans showed no similar reluctance and particularly when the first competition was staged in Uruguay—partly in recognition of Uruguay's 1924 and 1928 Olympic triumphs, partly to coincide with that country's overall celebrations of the 100th anniversary of their national independence (hence the name of the famous stadium in Montevideo, where the first World Cup Final was played—the Centenario).

There was a very poor European response to the competition—France (largely from a sense of loyalty to Jules Rimet, who was the President of FIFA, and Henri Delaunay, who moved the resolution in favour of a world championship that was finally adopted at the 1928 FIFA Congress), Belgium (under the insistence of their football president, Seeldrayers, who was also a FIFA vice-president), Yugoslavia and Rumania made up the meagre European entry, the United State of America came south but the success of the competition rested with the Latin American entry of Argentina, Chile, Mexico, Brazil, Bolivia, Uruguay, Peru, and Paraguay.

The final was very much a repeat of the previous Olympics—Uruguay v. Argentina—with the former having headed their three-nation group with wins over Peru (1-0) and Rumania (4-0) and Argentina the winner over the three other nations in their group—France (1-0), Mexico (6-3) and Chile (3-1). Both Uruguay and Argentina won their semi-final matches by the same convincing score of 6-1—against Yugoslavia and the

Albino Morales of Mexico is elated as he scores Mexico's first goal in the first half of the Olympic quarter-final match against Spain. In goal for Spain was Marine Mora, but his country lost 2-0. (UPI)

Commentary . . . Gordon Jeffery

VITAL ROLE

USA respectively. It was not perhaps surprising that Uruguay's winning team in this first "open" world championship showed few changes from the "amateurs" of 1924 and 1928. It was: *Balestro*; Nasazzi, *Mascheroni*; Andrade, Fernandez, Gestido; *Dorado*, Scarone, Castro, Cea and *Iriarte*.

There was, incidentally, still a link between the Uruguayan gold medallists of 1924 and 1928, their World Cup winners of 1930, and the 1950 World Cup winning team (against the strong opposition of the host country, Brazil) —Rodriguez Andrade, who played in the 1950 team, was the nephew of Jose Andrade who played in 1924, 1928 and 1930.

The introduction of the World Cup brought disenchantment with the Olympics on the part of the South Americans. Only Peru took part in the 1936 tournament when the competition was staged in Hitler's Germany. The few European countries whose senior football remained amateur, Sweden, Finland, Norway and Luxembourg took part, as did also the USA and, oddly, England for the first time since 1920.

Dominated

Mexico were the only Latin American nation to appear in 1948 in the first post-war Olympics (in England); Brazil, smarting from their World Cup defeat in 1950, the only one in Helsinki in 1952—they reached the quarter-final. By this time, however, the Olympics were beginning to be dominated by a new kind of amateur—the "state amateur" of the new Soviet states of Europe (Hungary and Yugoslavia were the 1952 finalists)—and, for that matter, of the "old" Soviet state, the USSR making their first appearance in a "world" football competition.

It was the Soviet Union who won the next Olympics when the timing of the final tournament (late November and early December) in Melbourne, Australia, dampened the enthusiasm of most European countries. Asian countries—Japan, Indonesia, India and Siam—appeared and seemed on paper to have a strong hand but after the genuine amateurs of Great Britain and Germany had been eliminated, the only other European entrants, USSR, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, took the gold, silver and bronze medals respectively. There were no Latin American entrants.

By this time, however, it was noticed that the Soviet European countries were effectively using the Olympic tournaments as useful testing grounds for the World Cup, and there was a massive entry for the 1960 Olympics in Italy.

For the first time a full programme of qualifying competition matches had to be organised to cut down the 21 European, nine African, ten North, Central and South American, eight Asian/Australian, and three Near East associations to the 16 who took part in the final tournament in Rome. Not all the entrants actually competed — Australia withdrew without playing against Indonesia, Afghanistan after playing only their home leg against India. And there was no automatic place in the Final for the holders, the Soviet Union, as there was for the host country, Italy.

The Soviet Union, indeed, failed to qualify for the finals when they dropped three out of four points in their group matches against Bulgaria and, after Rumania had won at home against Bulgaria, the Soviet Union were left hoping for a draw between Bulgaria and Rumania in Sofia that would have left all three countries with four points. Bulgaria, in the event, won 2-1 and gained their place in the finals.

The European qualifiers, apart from the host Italy, were Denmark, Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Great Britain, France and Hungary. Africa sent Egypt and Tunisia; Asia,. India and Formosa; the Near East, Turkey; and Argentina, Peru and Brazil represented the American continent.

The usual pattern of four groups of four was followed for the final tournament but with only the winner of each group qualifying for the semi-finals and not, as now, with the top two of each group taking part in quarter-finals. This was bad luck for Bulgaria, who finished with the same number of points as Yugoslavia (the ultimate gold medal winners) but with an inferior goal average.

Austria goalkeeper Schorn makes a daring save at the feet of a French forward during an Olympic qualifying match at the Parc des Princes Stadium last May. France won 3-1. (UPI)

Denmark and Hungary, with three outright wins in group matches, and Italy (two wins and a draw) were the other semi-finalists. Apart from Denmark's brave showing with genuine amateurs (but experienced full international players), the final line-up of forces had been predictable but what was perhaps surprising was the Italian team beaten by the toss of a coin by Yugoslavia in the semi-final and by the odd goal in three by Hungary in the match to determine the third and fourth places.

Hungary and Yugoslavia and, in earlier rounds, Poland and Bulgaria, had included top players like Solymosi, Albert, Gorocs, Vidinic, Galic, Jusufi, Perusic, Kostic, Symkowiak, Zientara, Lentner, Pohl, Naidenov, Diev, Kitov and Jakimov (to mention but a few!) but consider, partly with hindsight knowledge, these Italian "amateurs" of 1960—Salvadore, Trapattoni, Rivera, Bulgarelli, Burgnich and Tumburus!

The Brazilian and Argentinian squads, by comparison with this liberal interpretation of amateur status, were innocuous with an odd name here and there that ring a bell—Gerson, Oleniak, Valdir, Bilardo. But then in the Great Britain team were Laurie Brown, soon to turn professional, and Mike Rinner and Hugh Lindsay, who have had considerable experience with professional clubs.

Four years later the Games were staged in Tokyo. Again it was the state amateurs who dominated the proceedings. Italy qualified with another suspect team but this time their national Olympic Association (who make the entry for the Games and not the national Football Association) refused to endorse the selections as conforming to Olympic conditions. North Korea (foreshadowing their sensational appearance in the World Cup two years later) also qualified but were barred from entry into Japan. For a while it seemed that the Socialist countries would all walk out in protest but in the end the tournament proceeded with 14 qualifiers in four groups and with two from each group to compete in the quarter-finals.

Argentina and Brazil were again the two South American qualifiers—the top two of themselves, Peru, Colombia, Chile, Uruguay, and Ecuador who competed in a tournament in Lima (in the course of the Peru-Argentina match a riot in which the police lost their heads resulted in the death of 300 spectators, you may recall).

● *Continued overleaf*

Charles Tambouson of France (centre) scores against Japan. Left is Nitzuo Kamata of Japan and Gerard Hallet of France is on the right. (UPI)

● *Continued from previous page*

Argentina were fortunately placed in the group from which Italy had withdrawn so that only one of three (themselves, the host country Japan, and Ghana) would fail to qualify for the quarter-finals. None of the three were in action on the opening day when the three European sides in action, East Germany, Rumania and Hungary, all had convincing victories over Iran (4-0), Mexico (3-1) and Morocco (6-0) respectively. Argentina appeared on the second day—and were held to a draw (1-1) by Ghana. And on the same day Brazil also dropped a point—to the United Arab Republic.

It was not until the fourth day that the host country made their first appearance—against Argentina. The South Americans whilst not including full international players in the manner of the Soviet Europeans, did have a useful side made up of the best senior "junior" players with leading Argentinian clubs. Malbernat, now Estudiantes' captain, was then in that club's successful third team and had made occasional appearances in the first team. He was selected for the Olympics but had to withdraw because of injury, but the line-up against the unknown Japanese included players, now better known, as the 'keeper Cejas, Mori, Perfumo (in Argentina's 1966 World Cup team) and Manfredi.

Winning

Left-winger Dominguez opened the scoring for Argentina, Sujiyama equalised, Dominguez regained the lead, Kawabuchi equalised for the second time and then outside-right Ogi scored what proved to be the winning goal for Japan. Kamamoto, the star player of the recent Mexican tournament, played in the match but was not mentioned in reports.

Argentina still had a chance of reaching the quarter-finals—if Japan defeated Ghana by more than 3-2. In fact, Japan, certain of going on themselves, lost by the odd goal in five to Ghana—and Argentina were "out".

Brazil had beaten South Korea by 4-0 on the day when Argentina were losing to Japan, but their chance of qualifying went when they lost to Czechoslovakia 1-0. They actually finished with the same number of points as the Czechoslovaks—and with a better goal average, but it was goal *difference* that counted in this tournament.

Argentina, Brazil again qualify . . .

All five competing Europeans had qualified for the quarter-finals—East Germany, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia—but with Ghana and the UAR "drawn" against each other in the quarter-final, one non-European was certain of a place in the last four. It turned out to be the Egyptians—and they were the only non-European to come through. They were beaten 6-0 by Hungary in the semi-final and 3-1 by East Germany in the match to decide the third and fourth final placings. Hungary beat Czechoslovakia in the final by the odd goal in three when the teams lined up:

Hungary: *Szentmihaly*; Novak, Ihasz; *Szepesi*, Orban, Nogradi; *Farkas*, Csernai, *Bene*, *Komora*, Katona.

Czechoslovakia: Schucker; Urban, Picman; Vojta, Weiss, Geleta; Brumovsky, Mraz, Lichnegl, Masny, Valosek.

The players in italics all appeared in Hungary's 1966 World Cup matches in England but, to be fair, they were not, in 1964, established full international players. In general the convention was being followed by those countries who had not a professional structure, of omitting players who had appeared in previous World Cup competitions.

This convention went overboard in the qualifying competition for the 1968 Olympics. Finland were the first "offenders" when they fielded their normal international side in preliminary round matches against the Netherlands. And no one could dispute that Finnish players in that eleven who had appeared in qualifying matches for the 1966 World Cup were any less amateurs than their colleagues. Finland's example of May and June 1967 was copied by the Soviet Union and Poland when they met in July—both fielded virtually their strongest side with no regard to World Cup experience.

And, of course, no one could prove that a state amateur with World Cup experience was any more, or any less, qualified to appear in the Olympics than his team-mate without that experience.

The only slightly puzzling feature is why the vast Soviet Union, in particular, should want to use their full national side in the Olympics and not, as do the Hungarians, use that competition to "blood' promising fringe international players.

As it happened, not only did the Soviet Union fail to qualify with their full strength side but injuries sustained in the course of their deciding match against Czechoslovakia weakened their chances in the European Football Championship four days later. Then, in Naples, they lost on the toss of coin to Italy (the eventual European champions)—with Chislenko, Khurtsilava and Anichkine fit it seems probable that there would have been no need for the toss of that coin.

Between Czechoslovakia's qualification for the Olympics and their first match in Guadalajara against Guatemala, their country had been occupied by Soviet troops and disrupted by internal and external problems that caused a three weeks' suspension of organised League football. When the programme was resumed it was decided that the weeks that would have been kept vacant whilst players were on duty in Mexico would in-

Latin American Commentary . . . Gordon Jeffery . . . Latin American

stead he used to catch up with fixtures.

In such a situation it was unfair to take all the better players from the best clubs and the Czechoslovak Olympic squad was selected from the maximum number of clubs. It was thus something of a scratch selection and moreover one that had little time for team preparation. It was nonetheless a surprise that Guatemala won that opening match by the only goal. Subsequently the Czecholovaks drew with the well-fancied Bulgarians and won their third match against the hopelessly outclassed team from Thailand 8-0.

But, of course, Guatemala also won against Thailand (the only side of 16 not to gain a single point in the first round group of three matches apiece) and qualified with Bulgaria for the quarter-finals. In those quarter-finals Guatemala, well-supported in Mexico by their own fans, only lost to Hungary 1-0 and feel sufficiently elated with their Olympic showing to have arranged a European tour for next year with matches in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, France, Spain, Yugoslavia and Portugal. With Mexico, as the hosts, already qualified for the 1970 World Cup, the Guatemalans obviously fancy themselves for the place reserved for the North and Central American associations that is usually won by Mexico.

Mexico themselves were the big flop of the Olympics. They gave a new twist to this doubt about the eligibility of World Cup players by disregarding theirs—but equally disregarding the fact that all their selected players were professionals! With the entry presumably blessed by the Mexican Olympic Committee, FIFA were theoretically in no position to intervene—and with Mexico the hosts they probably felt it diplomatic not to! It meant, however, that Mexico, with the peculiar altitude adding to the usual home country advantages, had a squad of 22 that included at least nine of the 1966 World Cup "40" (but not players who actually appeared in the three matches in England); four, in addition to those nine, who had appeared in full internationals in 1967; three others who had appeared in 1968 full internationals; and, of course, all the players who only lost by a couple of goals to the Brazilian "A" team in Mexico City last July.

Everything pointed to the Mexicans having an even chance of halting the European run of successes, particularly as the careful zoning of the European qualifying groups had reduced the number of Soviet countries in the final. Yet it was a genuine European amateur eleven (that of France) that first cast doubt not only on Mexico's chances but also, one suspects, on their own confidence.

France trounced them 4-1 but although France themselves lost to Colombia, the latter's earlier defeat by Guinea had left them trailing, and Mexico's two wins over Guinea and Colombia took them also to the quarter-final.

Here they beat Spain 2-0—revenge for that defeat in the 1928 Olympics I mentioned earlier, and a most fascinating link with it. Playing then for Spain was Luis Regueiro. Eight years later when Franco led the Fascist rebellion against the Spanish Government from Spanish Morocco, Regueiro fought for his elected government. When the Fascists won he fled to Mexico, became naturalised there—and his son, Luis Regueiro, junior, was in the Mexican team in this 1928 victory over Spain.

Mexico were beaten in the semi-final by Bulgaria—only by the odd goal in five that might be regarded as an honourable defeat. Such consolation was denied the Mexicans, however, when they were beaten for third place, and the bronze medals, by Japan! Hero of the Japanese victory was, of course, Komomato, who scored both goals.

GROUPS ONE AND TWO

—matches played in Mexico City (Azteca Stadium)

						Referee
13.10.68	Mexico	1	Colombia	0	—	Zsolt (Hungary)
14.10.68	Spain	1	Brazil	0	—	Klein (Israel)
15.10.68	Mexico	1	France	4	—	Hieger (Peru)
16.10.68	Spain	3	Nigeria	0	—	Robles (Guatemala)
17.10.68	Mexico	4	Guinea	0	—	Suvaree (Thailand)
18.10.68	Spain	0	Japan	0	—	Hieger (Peru)

—matches played in Puebla

13.10.68	France	3	Guinea	1	—	Gugulovic (Yugoslavia)
14.10.68	Nigeria	1	Japan	3	—	Marmol (El Salvador)
15.10.68	Colombia	2	Guinea	3	—	Roumentchev (Bulgaria)
16.10.68	Brazil	1	Japan	1	—	Lamptey (Ghana)
17.10.68	Colombia	2	France	1	—	Galba (Czechoslovakia)
18.10.68	Brazil	3	Nigeria	3	—	Tarekegn (Ethiopia)

FRANCE	3	2	0	1	8-4	4	SPAIN	3	2	1	0	4-0	5
MEXICO	3	2	0	1	6-4	4	JAPAN	3	1	2	0	4-2	4
Colombia	3	1	0	2	4-5	2	Brazil	3	0	2	1	4-5	2
Guinea	3	1	0	2	4-9	2	Nigeria	3	0	1	2	4-9	1

GROUPS THREE AND FOUR

—matches played in Guadalajara

13.10.68	Hungary	4	El Salvador	0	—	De Leo (Mexico)
14.10.68	Czechoslovakia	0	Guatemala	1	—	Filho Arppi (Brazil)
15.10.68	Hungary	2	Ghana	2	—	Maruyama (Japan)
16.10.68	Czechoslovakia	2	Bulgaria	2	—	Aguilar (Mexico)
17.10.68	Hungary	2	Israel	0	—	Yamasaki (Mexico)
18.10.68	Czechoslovakia	8	Thailand	0	—	Buergo (Mexico)

—matches played in Leon

13.10.68	Ghana	3	Israel	5	—	Kitabdjian (France)
14.10.68	Bulgaria	7	Thailand	0	—	Velasquez (Colombia)
15.10.68	El Salvador	1	Israel	3	—	Badru (Nigeria)
16.10.68	Guatemala	4	Thailand	1	—	Faber (Guinea)
17.10.68	El Salvador	1	Ghana	1	—	Medina (Spain)
18.10.68	Guatemala	2	Bulgaria	1	—	Osorio (Mexico)

HUNGARY	3	2	1	0	8-2	5	BULGARIA	3	2	1	0	11-3	5
ISRAEL	3	2	0	1	8-6	4	GUATEMALA	3	2	0	1	6-3	4
Ghana	3	0	2	1	6-8	2	Czechoslovakia	3	1	1	1	10-3	3
El Salvador	3	0	1	2	2-8	1	Thailand	3	0	0	3	1-19	0

QUARTER FINALS

All played 20.10.68

Mexico City:	France (Tambeosco)	1	Japan (Kamamoto 2, Katanabe)	3	— Tarekegn (Ethiopia)
Puebla:	Spain	0	Mexico (Morales, Pereda)	2	— Gugulovic (Yugoslavia)
Guadalajara:	Hungary (Szucs)	1	Guatemala	0	— Yamasaki (Mexico)
Leon:	Bulgaria (Christakiev)	1	Israel (Faygenbaum)	1	— Kitabdjian (France)

(after extra time: Bulgaria won toss)

SEMI FINALS

Both played 22.10.68

Mexico City:	Japan	0	Hungary (Szucs 3, Novak 2 pen.)	5	— Filho Arppi (Brazil)
Guadalajara:	Mexico (Morales, Pulido)	2	Bulgaria (Jekov, A. Christov, Dimitrov)	3	— Tarekegn (Ethiopia)

BEATEN SEMI FINALISTS (3rd and 4th PLACINGS)

Mexico City: 24.10.68	Mexico	0	Japan (Kamamoto 2)	2	— Klein (Israel)

FINAL

Mexico City: 26.10.68	HUNGARY (Menczel, Dunai 2, Juhasz)	4	Bulgaria (Dimitrov)	1	— De Leo (Mexico)

The Aztec Stadium in Mexico City where the Olympic Final was played and where the World Cup Final will be staged in 1970. (U)

Racing top again—Estudiantes bottom

from

ERIC WEIL

RACING CLUB, holders of the record unbeaten run (39 games during 1965/6), are back at the top. At press time they lead the National Championship by two points from River Plate and have been unbeaten in their last 17 league games. Their line-up does not show many changes from that which beat Glasgow Celtic for the "world title" in 1967, nor does their style. They continue among the clubs to have most players sent off. Insider, Humberto Maschio, was given marching orders for arguing with a linesman recently and suspended for six games—rather embarrassing for him as he is now also the national team coach. Racing are virtually certain to represent Argentina in the South American champions tournament—the "Libertadores" Cup for the third time running next year.

Meanwhile Estudiantes de La Plata, whose place is assured as they won the tournament last year, are going through the usual slump which affects all South American or world title winners from this country. Since their return from England they only won one and drew one of their first five league games and are bottom of the table. It's still their goal-scoring department which is letting them down.

The Argentine FA has made a firm ruling that as from the beginning of this year national team calls will take precedence even over the South American Cup. This could seriously weaken Argentina's representatives in the competition. The national team, facing provincial selections every two weeks, also has international games scheduled, but does not like the criticism it receives after games in Buenos Aires and is playing all games in the provinces at present.

In February the national squad, still under Jose Minella as "technical secretary", and Racing player, Humberto Maschio, as coach, has a two-week stay in Bolivia planned during which two games will be played (either against the Bolivian national side, which Argentina meets in World Cup qualifying games later in the year, or leading Bolivian clubs) to get used to the altitude. If this is really the end of Argentina's improvisation for important tournaments, they may be a force to be feared in the next World Cup.

The serious financial difficulties of the majority of the clubs (already mentioned in this column), continues to be the main worry in Argentine soccer at the moment. Even the bigger clubs owe their players back wages, have been unable to keep up with instalments for players bought on the "never, never" and have had to dig into funds intended for other purposes to meet urgent needs. The FA official who said, "If our clubs were limited companies, as in England, they would all have gone bankrupt long ago", was certainly right.

Bad administration (professional soccer costs more than it is making) is the basic cause, but now TV is being blamed. The televising of three to four games per week, mostly live, is hitting gates which TV fees should have made up for. The trouble is that the Government-owned TV channel is falling further and further behind in payments and now owes around £230,000. Latest "bombshell" for the clubs, who have been pressing for payments to settle urgent debts, is that the Government intends to hold this money in payment of huge debts, built up over the years, which the clubs have with the national pension fund.

The 30-day arrest imposed on River Plate's international insider, Daniel Onega, after being sent off in the league game versus Boca Juniors, has brought another vehement protest to the Chief of Police from the Players' Union. Professionals causing trouble on the field, which might go unnoticed on the street or in a park, are being carted off to prison without trial for causing a "public disturbance". The players even talked of strike action, which may well become a reality if the police persist in its attitude.

Rulli of Racing and Yazalde of Independiente (dark shirt), both in the current national team, clash in the derby between these neighbouring clubs. (EW)

Across the ditch, the River Plate, Peñarol goalie, Ladislao Mazurkiewicz, kept his goal intact for 940 minutes (over ten league games) to set up a new Uruguayan record and also beat Argentine goalie Carrizo's feat (770 minutes) earlier this season.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH FROM ARGENTINA

Estudiantes de La Plata half, Bilardo, summing up the difference between English and Argentine players:

"When a player is deliberately fouled in the Argentine he complains to the referee, while a player in England says nothing and waits for the opportunity to get his own back. Result—more dirty play in England."

Karoly Lakat Interview . . .

Hungarian News by LESLIE VERNON

HUNGARIAN football is still basking in the warm glow reflected by the Olympic Games victory. The fans are happy that at long last the national team has achieved a tangible result, and the people connected with the game can afford the luxury of looking at the recent past with a critical searching eye.

Dr. Karoly Lakat, the brilliant coach in charge of the Olympic party, a witty and engaging man, gave a lengthy interview dealing with the relevant questions concerning all aspects of international football. Here are some of his observations:

Q. "Should the Olympic Games stage a football tournament?"

Dr. L. "Yes, yes, yes! Without football, the Olympics would be dull."

Q. "What is the general feeling about this in other countries?"

Dr. L. "Without comment I give you two figures. In 1908 there were six teams in the Olympics, this year 80 entered. Many countries regard the Games as their main international target. Out of the six teams we have played against, five have fielded their strongest possible side."

Q. "Playing standards?"

Dr. L. "Enormous improvement since Tokyo, especially in the play of the lesser known nations. Japan, Guatemala, Ghana and Israel were all very impressive and rapidly catching up with the Europeans."

Q. "Prospects for the organisation of the World Cup?"

FAIRNESS

Dr. L. "Stadiums, transport, accommodation were first class, but I have grave doubts about the fairness of the draw, and the actual kick-off times of the matches. The 12 noon starts were ridiculous. In the humid heat, even the spectators were subjected to unnecessary suffering—imagine how the players felt. We shall demand a much later kick-off for World Cup matches—if we do qualify for the Finals."

Q. "Did you achieve all your objectives?"

Dr. L. "No! On paper we should be delighted with the results, but quite a number of the players did not fully appreciate the importance of the occasion. There were tactical and technical mistakes in our play, and a great deal of work will be needed to rectify these faults."

Q. "Was it correct to send a 'second-eleven'?"

Dr. L. "Definitely! We must think of the future. In 1969 we have six World Cup qualifying matches, and I am sure team manager Soos will promote some 'Olympic' players into the 'A' team."

Q. "Altitude?"

Dr. L. "There is a big difference between Guadalajara and Mexico City. The former is very pleasant, the latter is like a hell's kitchen—no air, no shade. The players were affected individually to different degrees, with no connection to the amount of work they put in before or during the Games. This is a medical problem, but I venture to say that the local conditions will not have a decisive say on the outcome of the World Cup."

UNIFORMITY

Q. "Refereeing?"

Dr. L. "The best ever in any international tournament as far as I can remember. There was a welcome uniformity of interpretation, and a courageous attitude towards offending players."

Q. "The future?"

Dr. L. "Well, I read it somewhere that there will be another Olympic Games' football tournament in Munich in 1972, so. . . ."

The Hungarians are naturally happy with the present Olympic set-up, and they have found an ally in Helmut Kaser, FIFA secretary, who was reported to be "very pleased" with the 1968 tournament. Kaser went out of his way to defend the footballers from the widespread accusations of "shamateurism". "The footballers are just as true amateurs as the other competitors," declared the diplomatic FIFA official. An ambiguous statement, but I am sad to admit, basically correct.

RESTARTED

Following the mild excitements of the Olympics, the teams restarted the serious business of the championship. The leading clubs duly collected their two points per week until Vasas ran into trouble against Salgotarjan.

The provincial miners' team won 4-3 and all but finished Rudi Ilovszky's boys' title aspirations. This setback left the race wide open between Ujpesti Dozsa and Ferencvaros. Lajos Baroti's Ujpest in the lilac and white were scoring with prodigious ease when facing mediocre teams, but the A. Dunai-Bene tandem ran out of gas in the "derby" game versus Vasas. After a goalless first half, the home team, Vasas dominated the proceedings, and only Szentmihalyi's brilliance in goal prevented them scoring several times. In the 61st minute, very much against the flow of the play, Dunai III scored from 35 yards, but four minutes later Korsos equalised. Farkas squandered two easy chances in the last quarter of an hour, and the score remained 1-1.

Vasas: Varga; Bakos, Meszoly, Mathesz, Ihasz; Menczel, Fister; Molnar, Puskas, Farkas, Korsos.

Ujpest: Szentmihalyi; Bankuti, Nosko, Solymosi, Zambo; Dunai III, Gorocs; Fazekas, Bene, A. Dunai, Nagy.

This dropped point could cost Ujpest the championship — the Ferencvaros v. Vasas match could be the decisive battle. Ferencvaros's match at Diosgyor had to be abandoned because of thick fog, but now they are only one point adrift with a game in hand! The dear departed (Varga) has been replaced by the talented young Laszlo Branikovits, and Albert has reverted to the strikers' role. Rakosi celebrated his 30th birthday saying that he would like to play for five more years (?).

DOOMED

The relegation issue is still unresolved, although Szeged look doomed. Eger and Komlo finished in the first two places in Division II, and both will be back with the *élite* after only one season's absence. (Johnny Haynes, please note! Perhaps Fulham should emigrate to Hungary *en bloc*?)

The Ujpest forwards have found their scoring boots again in the Fairs Cup, putting 11 goals past Hristidis in the Aris Saloniki goal. A. Dunai grabbed the biggest share with five goals, and this slightly clumsy, but very dangerous player is well on his way to the "King of Goals" title in the league for the second year running.

Top scorers:

A. Dunai (Ujpest) ...	27 goals
Bene (Ujpest)	21 ,,
Farkas (Vasas)	17 ,,
Albert (Ferencvaros)	17 ,,
Kocsis (Honved) ...	17 ,,

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Ujpesti Dozsa ...	27	17	8	2	89	25	42
Ferencvaros	26	17	7	2	54	22	41
Vasas	27	17	5	5	61	33	39
Honved	27	12	10	5	46	27	34
Csepel	27	12	7	8	33	27	31
Tatabanya	27	8	10	9	30	35	26
Pecs	27	9	7	11	30	37	25
Dunaujvaros	27	9	6	12	29	40	24
Gyor	27	6	11	10	34	38	23
M.T.K.	27	7	9	11	33	37	23
Egyetertes	27	6	11	10	31	39	23
Salgotarjan	27	8	7	12	37	50	23
Szombathely	27	7	7	13	31	43	21
Diosgyor	26	7	6	13	32	52	20
Videoton	27	8	3	16	26	49	19
Szeged	27	5	6	17	25	67	16

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INTER ERRATIC—AC MILAN POOR

ITALY

CAGLIARI take over at the top, confirming the poor form of AC Milan, who were beaten for the first time in the eighth round of the championship. Inter-Milan remain erratic, but in better shape than AS Roma, whose three successive defeats have left even Helenio Herrera on the defensive.

Rivera looked jaded when AC Milan scrambled a goalless draw away to Atlanta, and played little better against Lanerossi the following Sunday. But an exceptional performance by Prati, who scored two tremendous goals, gave them a flattering 4-1 victory. He failed to reproduce his form away to Bologna, whose defence completely mastered the Milan attack. A crowd of 40,000 saw the only goal come from Lucio Mujesan, a newcomer to First Division football, in the 38th minute—taking Milan off the top.

The first of Roma's three defeats in a row came at home to Inter-Milan, in front of a crowd of 75,000, the biggest of the day. Suarez put through his own goal after three minutes, but Inter brushed aside this catastrophe with their best performance of the season. Facchetti equalised just on half-time, and in the second half Bertini, after 56 minutes, and Domenghini, after 69, took the Rome defence apart with two fine goals.

Cagliari meanwhile have scored 20 goals in eight games, remarkable by Italian standards. Most of them have come from Luigi Riva and Roberto Boninsegna, decidedly the most formidable partnership in the First Division. Cagliari won away to Juventus in spite of conceding a quick goal from Helmut Haller. Riva equalised in the 35th minute after Anzolin had dropped the ball, and Boninsegna scored the winner a quarter of an hour from the end.

Any suggestion that this was a flash in the pan was disproved the following weekend, when Cagliari won 4-1 at Roma with some quite breathtaking attacking play. Riva got two more goals, and the others came from Cagliari's inside-forward, Brugnera. The 60,000 spectators actually applauded the visitors off the field at the end, which for anyone acquainted with Roman partisanship, takes some believing.

The victory that put Cagliari top of the table came against Torino, watched by more than 30,000 spectators. Torino's goalkeeper Lido Vieri had a shattering collision with Riva in the first half—I thought Riva chased too hard after a ball he clearly could not reach—but stayed on the field. But in the second half he was hurt in another collision, and this time he had to go off. Torino brought on their substitute goalkeeper and played with nine men in defence. Cagliari looked likely to drop a point until, in the final minute, they won a free-kick just outside the penalty area. Riva took a long run up, and the crowd erupted as the ball sped past the end of Torino's defensive line and danced in a corner of the netting.

Fiorentina moved into third place by surprisingly beating Inter at San Siro—the top match of the day, seen by some 80,000. Luciano Chiarugi scored against the run of play in the 34th minute, and Amarildo of Brazilian fame gave Fiorentina a 2-0 lead ten minutes after half-time. Inter then pulled themselves together and got a goal back through Domenghini almost at once, but they could not score again.

The most surprising decline this season has been that of Naples, fourth from bottom, with only four goals in eight matches. In fact the first two goals credited to them were put into the net by opposing defenders, and it was not until the 40th minute of their sixth game that Harald Nielsen really broke their duck. Even then they lost 2-1 to Bologna, with Nielsen going off after 72 minutes, a victim of the back injury that has been plaguing him all season.

Amid all the goalless draws, there has been one match full of attacking football. Verona, keeping up with the leaders in remarkable fashion, beat Pisa 5-3. Their superb striker, Vicenzo Traspedini, got a hat-trick.

Angelo Benedetto Sormani of AC Milan scores his team's first goal against Vicenza beating Vicenza goalkeeper Adriano Bardin. Milan won 4-1. (UPI)

HOLLAND

AGAINST all expectations, neither Ajax nor Feijenoord are leading the first division. Instead it is the tiny FC Twente, whose coach, Kees Rijvers, has performed prodigies of organisation without any real star players. Better known as a deep-lying inside-forward—he played in France for seven years at St. Etienne—Rijvers devised the tactics that brought the sensational defeat of Ajax on their own ground.

In spite of doing well in the cup—Cruyff scored three goals in a 5-0 beating of Volewijkers—Ajax lost another two points, and probably their last chance of realistically retaining the championship, against their arch-rivals Feijenoord.

On a day when Twente were scoring five goals away from home against DOS

European League Review

by ROGER MACDONALD

Utrecht, Ajax could not manage even one in the Olympic Stadium. The 62,000 crowd saw an exciting match, largely even in the first half, although it took two great saves by Geer Bals of Ajax from Moulyn and Wery to keep the scores level. And after these saves, it was particularly hard on Bals that his only mistake should cost Ajax the match. In the 53rd minute Wery lobbed the ball hopefully towards the far post, Bals went up to collect it, then hung his head in despair as the cross slipped from his fingers and rolled over the line. The nearest Ajax came to equalising was when Cruyff, otherwise mastered by Israel, had a shot disallowed for fractional offside.

Ajax went seven points behind the following Saturday, when they could only draw 2-2 with MVV. Feijenoord beat DOS Utrecht 2-0 the next day to stay on the heels of Twente, who scraped home 1-0 against Volendam. But after collecting 23 points from 12 matches, Twente are almost beyond reproach.

RUSSIA

WITH almost monotonous regularity, Dynamo Kiev emerge as champions. Their 1968 title was the third in succession, equalling the Red Army's record of 20 years ago. Kiev made certain of victory by beating Spartak Moscow, their nearest rivals, one Sunday, and drawing 1-1 away to Torpedo Moscow, the only other team who could catch them, the next. Torpedo scored first, through Mikhailov after 40 minutes, but Kiev's Pouzatch cut in from the wing to equalise three minutes later.

Pouzatch is one of several fine younger players, like Medvid and Mountian, whom Viktor Maslov has brought to the fore during the past year, to supplement the undoubted talents of Byshovets in attack. Kiev lost only two of their 38 games, drawing 15 and winning 21. They finished five points ahead of Spartak Moscow, who were beaten seven times during the season. Spartak drew their last match 0-0 with Pakhator in Tashkent—which was also the final game of the championship.

Two players scored four goals apiece in successive weeks, a rare feat in Russian football. In each case the sufferers were Dynamo Kivrobad, who are relegated after only one season in the first division. Larine scored four of Dynamo Moscow's six goals (their 6-1 win following a 2-1 victory over Torpedo, pushed them up to fifth place in the table). Then Abdouraimov got all four for Pakhator to give him a total of 19 for the season, the same as Torpedo's Streltzov. Pakhator, incidentally, also reached the Cup Final, losing 1-0 to Moscow Torpedo.

One basic requirement for each Russian supporter is a fur coat and a hot water bottle. The Torpedo-Dynamo game was played at Moscow in front of 19,000 in a temperature of minus 6° centigrade. No fewer than 12,000 turned up to see the Red Army take on Neftchi at 12° below freezing point. Which must make the Russian fan the toughest in the world—and the vodka salesmen the most rushed off their feet. . . .

Rossetti of Vicenza heads clear from Pierino Prati of AC Milan. (UPI)

YUGOSLAVIA

DYNAMO ZAGREB went as far as to insist on a foreign referee and linesman for their top-of-the-table clash with Partizan, so little faith had they in a Yugoslav's ability to remain neutral at Belgrade. They paid the expenses of an Italian, Gonelli, to become the first foreigner to referee a Yugoslav league match. Their special effort seemed worth while, for although Partizan pressed hard throughout, Zagreb won 2-0—an own-goal by Rasovic and a penalty. It was a pity that heavy rain kept the crowd down to 20,000.

The following week Red Star pushed Partizan from second to fifth with a sensational 6-1 victory, only four days after their collapse against Celtic in Glasgow. This time there were 55,000 spectators, in spite of another thunderstorm, and they saw some brilliant football from Red Star. Ostojic scored three goals, the others coming from Djajic (in his most breathtaking form), Antonievic and Ravlovic. But as a 2-2 draw against Zeleznicar showed, Red Star remain erratic, and Dynamo Zagreb (4-1 winners at Maribor) remain favourites for the championship.

PORTUGAL

SPORTING and Benfica, who are involved in difficult negotiations to buy the ground on which their respective stadiums are built, seem to have lost their grip on the Portuguese League. Sporting's coach, Fernado Caiado, resigned before the second leg of the Fairs Cup-tie against Newcastle United, to be replaced by Mario Lino, once their famous international full-back.

Sporting have dropped to sixth in the table, and even Benfica have been caught at the top by Porto after a decisive 4-2 win away to Academica. Benfica played three successive matches without scoring a goal, two 0-0 draws, then a crushing 3-0 defeat away to CUF Setubal.

One of the draws could be explained by the absence of Eusebio and Simoes, both injured, while the other was in the local derby against Sporting. Sixty thousand fans saw Chico and Marinho miss good chances in the first half, and the young Sporting goalkeeper Damas make a series of marvellous saves in the second.

GREECE

PANATHINAIKOS maintained their lead in spite of notable weaknesses in their forward line. They had a laborious victory over Aris of Salonica, Gonlos scoring their winning goal only 15 minutes from time.

Then they were a goal down at Verya, scored in the 18th minute by Papadopoulos, and it took a 50th-minute penalty from Dimitrou to save a point. Vyzas also took a point from Panathinaikos in another 1-1 draw the following Sunday, but Ethnikos, their nearest challengers, were well beaten, 4-2 by Olympiakos.

SPAIN

REAL MADRID finally dropped a point away to Pontevedra, after nine successive victories, although the eighth came only from a hotly disputed goal by Amancio against Atletico Bilbao.

But Real have a comfortable lead in the championship, the more so after beating one of their biggest rivals, Barcelona, 2-1 at Chamartin. A crowd of 100,000 watched Real, without Gento, start nervously against the Catalans—who played without Mendoza, hurt the previous Sunday.

Barcelona were even ahead after 20 minutes through Zaldua, but tried to hang on to their lead and lost the initiative. Pirri equalised and Jose Luis scored the winning goal.

DESPITE Canada's great start in which they picked up five points from their first three games, it is the United States who have won their way into the next preliminary round of the World Cup.

Following their 4-2 defeat by Canada in Toronto, the US gained revenge two weeks later, winning 1-0 in Atlanta. On the following two weekends they beat Bermuda 6-2 in Kansas City and 2-0 in Bermuda.

As it turned out, the factor which decided the group was Canada's failure to score in Bermuda in a game which they dominated, while the United States in the same position came away with a 2-0 win.

TABLE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
United States ..	4	3	0	1	10	6	6
Canada	4	2	1	1	8	3	5
Bermuda	4	0	1	3	2	12	1

In Atlanta — where the NASL champions Atlanta Chiefs three times attracted crowds of over 25,000 this season and averaged 8,917 for their 21 home games, including play-offs — a disappointing crowd of just 3,696 watched what was the most important soccer game played in the United States this year.

United States: Feher; Gansler, Gentile, Bachmeier, Murphy; Krat, Baker; Millar, Roy, Stritzel, Albrecht. Sub: Clear for Gansler.

Canada: Harper; Berry, Di Luca, Lecce, Lenarduzzi; Kerr, Harvey, Hansen; McPate, Papadakis, Vigh. Sub: Patterson for Papadakis.

Elapsed

This game lacked the thrills and excitement of the first clash in Toronto and particularly in the first half was a somewhat dull affair between two teams not wishing to give anything away.

After five minutes of the second half had elapsed, the United States scored the vital and deciding goal. Canadian centre-back Bob Di Luca handled the ball just outside his own penalty area in order to stop Gerry Baker from breaking through, and from the resulting free-kick Dietricht Albrecht curled the ball into the net from 22 yards.

The Americans then settled down and had more of the play, but failed to press home their advantage. On the other hand, Canada failed to mount anything like a consistent attack and goalkeeper Sandy Feher only had four shots to save all afternoon.

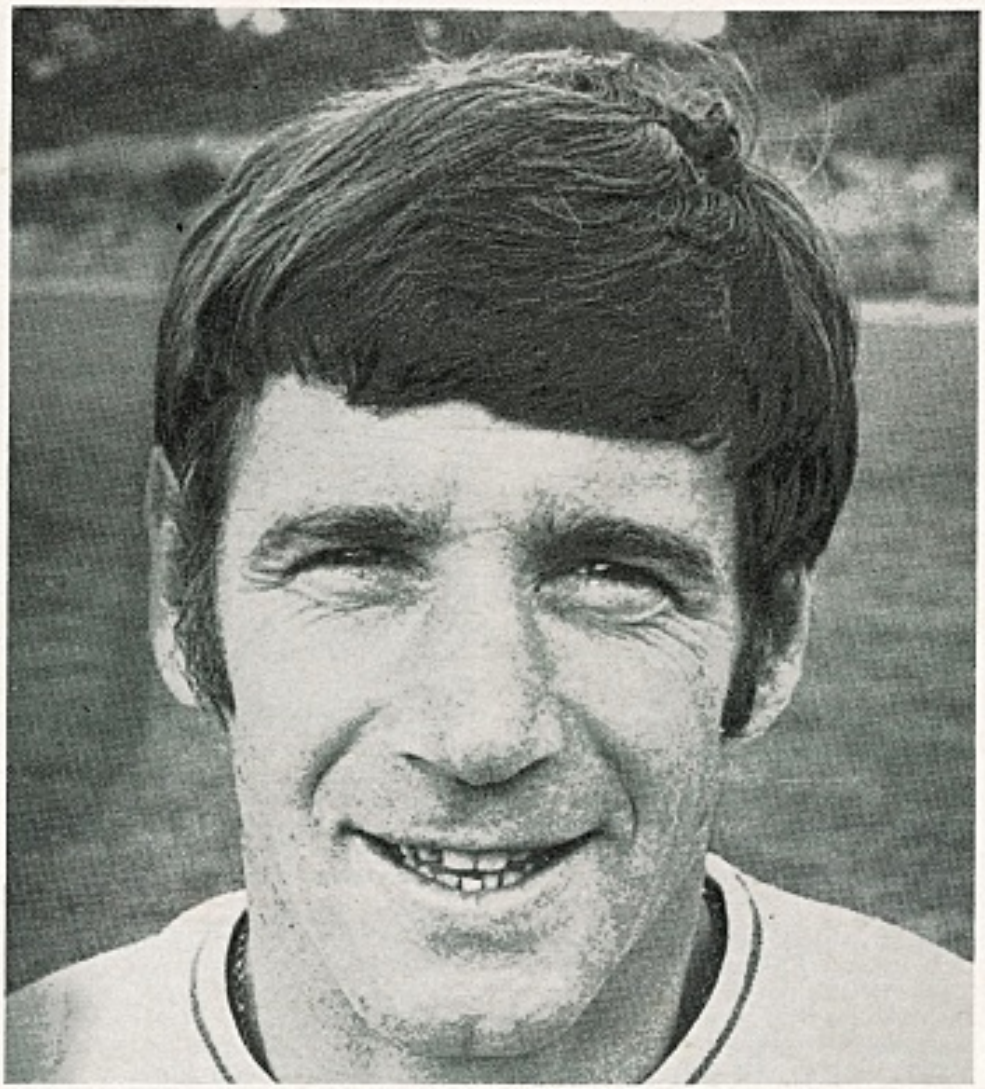
With the Canadians having completed their four games, all they could do now was to sit back and wait while the U.S. played their two matches with Bermuda.

The first of these was played in Kansas City, where soccer went over quite big this summer, and the Kansas City Spurs topped the NASL averages for regular season games. However, just how fickle soccer interest is on this continent can be judged from the fact that just 2,235 turned up for this game compared with the NASL average of 8,065.

This match started badly for both teams, as in the fourth minute the U.S. goalkeeper Sandy Feher was taken to hospital with a fractured leg following a collision with Irvin Romaine: then Granville Nusum, the Bermuda goalkeeper, was kicked in the face by a team-mate and suffered a fractured jaw.

FROM

COLIN JOSE



Gerry Baker of Coventry City and the USA—he was on target for his country against Bermuda. (A)

United States: Feher (De Long); Gansler, Gentile, Bachmeier, Krat; Murphy, Baker; Millar, Roy, Stritzel, Albrecht.

Bermuda: Nusum (Jennings); Simons, Dowling, Conn, Minors; Ming, Daniels, Romaine; Best, Darrell, Trott.

Opposition

Willie Roy, the much - heralded Kansas City leader who could not hold his place with the Spurs this season in the face of opposition from Ernie Winchester and Eric Barber, missed three glorious opportunities early in the game before Peter Millar gave the United States the lead in the 22nd

UNITED STATES CRUSH BERMUDA TO QUALIFY

minute; three minutes later Gerry Baker made it 2-0.

Joe Trott started a Bermudan revival when he scored in the 34th minute, and then six minutes after the interval Best tied the score. But success was short lived, however, as from then on it was all the U.S.

In the 56th minute Baker headed in a corner from Stritzel and then Roy finally found the net to make it 4-2. Then came two more goals from Peter Millar, who for some years now has been the leading goalscorer with the New York Inter club of the American Soccer League.

Eight days later the teams met again, this time before just 3,700 fans in Hamilton, Bermuda. On this occasion the Americans had even less trouble than they had in Kansas City, and the Bermudan fans did not hesitate to show their displeasure with their team's extremely poor performance.

Hammered

For this encounter the United States had Jim Benedek at centre-back, with Carl Gentile moving to right-back to the exclusion of Bob Gansler. Bermuda lined up: Jennings; Daniels, Cann, R. Smith, Minors; L. Smith, Dowling; Hunt, Trott, Best, Lewis.

The U.S. took the lead after eight minutes when Rudolph Smith deflected a shot by Peter Millar past his own goalkeeper; and scored their second goal in the 41st minute when Willie Roy hammered a pass from Dietricht Albrecht past Jennings. Gary De Long in goal for the Americans had a fairly easy time, with only eight shots to handle.

As a result of their success, the United States will now meet the winners of sub group 2 of the CONCACAF region Haiti, Trinidad or Guatemala, which has yet to be decided.

While Guatemala are an unknown quantity, Haiti turned in some impressive performances against NASL teams before the start of this year's competition, and Trinidad gained third place in last year's Pan American Games tournament. In this competition, Trinidad were beaten 3-1 in the semi-finals by Bermuda.

Preparation

In preparation for what could prove to be some very tough games ahead, the Americans are now planning to tour Mexico and Japan with the possibility of playing some games in South-East Asia.

The 17 players who took part in the competition for the United States were: **Goalkeepers:** Gary De Long (Vancouver Royals), Sandy Feher (Houston Stars). **Defenders:** Helmut Kofler (Blau-Weiss Gotschee), Bob Gansler (Chicago Mustangs), Nick Krat (St. Louis Stars), Eddie Clear (St. Louis Stars), Adolf Bachmeier (Chicago Mustangs), Gene Tobler (Cleveland Stokers), Jim Benedek (Houston Stars), Eddie Murphy (Chicago Mustangs). **Forwards:** Gerry Baker (Coventry City), Siegfried Stritzel (Blau-Weiss Gotschee), Willie Roy (Kansas City Spurs), Dietricht Albrecht (Cleveland Stokers), Peter Millar (New York Inter), Larry Hausmann (Chicago Mustangs) and Carl Gentile (St. Louis Stars).

WORLD SOCCER BACK NUMBERS

1966	1967	1968
November	January	March
December	February	April
	March	May
	May	June
	October	Aug.
	November	Sept.
	December	Oct.

Canada's linkman, Johnny Kerr, is about to be sandwiched between two United States defenders as he heads goalwards in the first meeting of the two countries. (Nicholson)

ROUND THE WORLD STORIES

Neighbours in close finishes

SWEDEN

CHAMPIONS in 1966, Stockholm club Djurgarden threw away a four-point lead with only seven games left. Those seven games yielded only five points and in a last day battle Djurgarden were forced into fourth place. Malmo FF, winners of the cup and league double last season, also threw away a great chance of the title, dropping three points in their last two games. With all their rivals throwing points away, newly promoted Oster FK took full advantage and won the championship with 27 points from 22 games!

Only goal average separated the top four—Oster, Malmo, Norrkoping and Djurgarden—in that order. Making Oster's achievement all the more remarkable this was their first ever campaign in the top flight after winning promotion in 1967 and at the half-way mark they were in the bottom half of the table with 11 points from 11 games.

Oster play in Vaxjo, a small town with a population of only 35,000, but several of their players have already been honoured by national coach Orvar Bergmark. Inje Ejderstedt is probably the most promising of the Oster stars but the best known is former Feijenoord professional, Harry Bild, who joined Oster 18 months ago. Until the last day of the season Bild seemed certain to take the leading scorer's trophy but on the final day Ove Eklund, from Atvidaberg (the other newly promoted club), scored five times in a 6-1 win over Halsingborg to beat Bild by 16 to 14. Eklund did more than overhaul Bild that day for as a direct result of that defeat Halsingborg are relegated to Division II along with Orgryte (Gothenburg) after 31 years in the top flight.

Sirius (Uppsala) and Jonkoping (Sodra) won their play-off battles against Landskrona and Sandviken to earn promotion to Division I for the 1969 season. In the Third Division in 1966, the Sirius manager is Torsten Lindberg, former manager of the national team and in 1966 boss of Djurgarden's championship winning team. After that success he resigned to join Sirius.

RUSSIA

MASTERS of the tight defensive game Dynamo Kiev stood off a late challenge from the Moscow clubs and took the championship for the third year in succession. This feat had been achieved only once previously—by the Moscow Army team CSKA in 1946–1947–1948. With only two games left Dynamo Kiev were seven points clear of the field after close games with Spartak (1-0) and Torpedo Moscow (1-1). Behind the Kiev club are the four Moscow teams — Spartak, Torpedo, CSKA and Dynamo, with four points separating them and interest in the final games revolves around the battle for second place.

Torpedo Moscow, the holders and firm favourites, retained the FA Cup when they beat Pachtakhor Tashkent 1-0 before an 80,000 crowd in Moscow's Lenin Stadium. Pachtakhor, 18th in the 20-club First Division, succumbed to a goal from Yuri Sawtschenko early in the second half and despite many fine performances could well be relegated. If they do go down it will be a personal tragedy for their young centre-forward, Sergei Abdouraimov, whose 19 league goals gives him top place ahead of Streltzov (Torpedo) 18, Gavacheli (Dynamo Tbilissi) 14, and the new Dynamo Moscow star, Kozlov, who has scored 13.

In the closing weeks of the campaign the FA let it be known that they were considering a proposal to reduce the First Division from 20 to 16 clubs. No decision will be taken until after the championship has ended but assuming that two clubs will be promoted this would mean relegating six teams. Newly promoted Dynamo Kirowabad have been "booked" for several weeks, but if six were to be relegated this figure could include Pachtakhor Tashkent (cup finalists), SKA Rostov and Zenith Leningrad, who should have been relegated last season and were saved by special dispensation of the FA. The reason for the proposed clear-out is to reduce the number of league matches in a year, which is vital in view of the World Cup qualifying matches.

NORWAY

THE new champions are Lyn (Oslo) with an all-time record number of points —28 from 18 games. In second place were Rosenborg (Trondheim), four points behind, with Viking (Oslo), third. A year ago, Rosenborg, newly promoted to the First Division, romped away with the title and while they have settled down the old-established clubs are struggling. Fredrikstadt, generally the strongest of the big clubs, were too close to the relegation zone for comfort, while two other well-established clubs, Valerengen and Frigg, must spend at least the next 12 months in the second class.

Fourteen victories in 18 games appears to indicate consistency if nothing else but on several occasions the new champions

Norrkoping's Ulf Hultberg (9) goes up with Lyn defender Andreas Moristak. Incident during the European Cup Winners Cup match in Oslo won by Lyn, 2-0. (UPI)

allowed themselves to be beaten by big scores. Stromsgodset (who finished fourth) beat the champions twice—10-1 on the last day before the brief summer break and 6-1 after Lyn had already clinched their title claim.

Despite their temporary lapses Lyn proved their right to the title by completing a double and taking the FA Cup for good measure. Holders of the trophy since last year, they beat Second Division Mjondalen 3-0 in the final. They then went on to the European Cup Winners Cup (on the strength of their 1967 FA Cup success) and surpassed all their supporters' hopes. Eliminating Altay Izmir (Turkey) in the first round, Lyn became the first Norwegian club to reach the quarter-finals of a major European tournament by beating IFK Norrkoping from neighbouring Sweden.

Emulating Lyn, the Norwegian national team achieved a near-miracle when they beat France 1-0 at Strasbourg in a match counting for the 1970 World Cup. With five Lyn players in the side they seemed to have forgotten the humiliating defeats in mid-summer when they lost 5-1 to Denmark and 5-0 to Sweden. Heroes of the Strasbourg encounter were the Lyn 'keeper, Sven Bjorn Olsen, and Odd Iversen of Rosenborg, who scored the only goal.

YUGOSLAVIA

AFTER winning the cup and league double last season, Red Star Belgrade added a third major honour when they beat Czech champions, Spartak Trnava, in the final of the Mitropa Cup. Initially the first leg should have been played in Trnava on August 20 but was postponed because of the Russian invasion. Six weeks later, Red Star were beaten 1-0 in Trnava but won the second leg by a comfortable 4-1 margin to take the trophy to Yugoslavia for the first time since the competition began in 1928.

The World Cup bid under Rajko Mitic got off to a fine start with a big win over Finland before the disastrous trip to Brussels, which might well result in the Yugoslavs' elimination. Star left-winger Dzajic and inside-left Trivic were both sent off along with Belgium's Heylens in a turbulent first half and Yugoslavia's nine were no match for the ten Belgians, who won 3-0.

Three weeks later Yugoslavia entertained Spain in Belgrade in another vital match and Mitic faced an injury list which in several cases led to third and fourth choice players being included in the side. In the circumstances the goalless draw was regarded as a victory but hopes of adding to the reputation they earned in the European Championship appear to be slim.

In spite of the levelling process expected with the introduction of full-time professionalism it is still the big clubs of Belgrade and Zagreb who dominate the championship race. Dynamo Zagreb, always amongst the leaders, are excelling themselves in the autumn campaign and opened up a four-point gap between themselves and the rest of the field when they beat Partizan 2-0 in Belgrade. Dynamo and Partizan, first and second on the morning of the match, imported an Italian referee specially for the occasion and Dynamo won with an own-goal (Rasovic) and a penalty—their first win over Partizan in Belgrade since the war. In two big Belgrade derby matches Red Star beat OFK 2-0, the losers' fifth defeat in a row and back from their hammering in Glasgow Rad Star thrashed Partizan by 6-1.

DENMARK

CELEBRATING their centenary this year, Denmark's oldest club, KB (Kobenhavns Boldklub) marked the event by taking the championship for the 17th time. Emulating their Swedish neighbours, the decision was left until the last day when three clubs, KB, Esbjerg and Frem, finished level on points and had to be separated by goal average. Although a major triumph for KB coach, Arne Sorensen, who earned a silver medal for Denmark in the 1960 Olympic Games, the campaign was marked far more by the failures than the successes.

Esbjerg BK started the season as clear favourites and hung on to KB all the way but at the half-way stage Bejle BK were joint leaders and slipped back into sixth place after being beaten in the FA Cup Final by Second Division Randers Freja (3-1). Randers also won the trophy in 1967 and beat new champions KB 1-0 in this year's semi-final.

The biggest disappointments were the champions of 1966 and 1967, Hvidovre and Akademisk, who ended the campaign together just above the relegated pair, Odense BK and Aarhus GF. Often amongst the major honours since the war, Aarhus GF experienced a particularly frustrating season and in their 22 matches could manage only one win. Their companions in distress, Odense BK, were one of three First Division clubs in Odense two years ago, but B.1913 and B.1909 were relegated together in 1966. Last season both the relegated Odense clubs fought their way back to the top class but while they both finished well above the danger zone Odense now drop down. Up this time come B.1903 Copenhagen and B.1901 Nykoping.

Partizan's RASOVIC. (O)

"Footballer of the Year" for 1968 is a comparative newcomer, 21-year-old Henning Munk Jensen of FC Aalborg. Already being sought after by several Dutch and West German clubs, Jensen has been capped seven times in the last 18 months.

SPAIN

OPENING the new season in fine style, champions Real Madrid won their first eight games in a row to lead the field by four points. Closest challengers are CF Barcelona, who recovered from a shaky start, and Las Palmas, runners-up last term. Real spearhead, Amancio Amara, has opened up a big lead of his own in the goalscorers' race, scoring ten times in eight games, and with goals being more than usually scarce, his closest challenger has only four.

Barcelona typify the tighter than ever defensive mood currently dominating the Spanish game. In eight matches they have scored only nine goals to occupy second place but the performance of Real Sociedad (San Sebastian) is even more remarkable. Scoring only six times, they have recorded three wins and four draws for a total of ten points and to date have only been beaten by Real Madrid (2-1 at Chamartin).

Atletico Bilbao and Atletico Madrid are currently amongst the struggling clubs, each with only one win to their credit. Bilbao have already taken remedial action "promoting" coach Agustin Gainza to technical director and appointing Rafael Iriondo, another star of the 'fifties, in his stead. Atletico Madrid boss, Miguel Gonzalez, is also under fire and Ferenc Puskas, back in Madrid after his North American adventure, is being tipped as his successor. Bottom of the table RCD Espanol have also parted with coach Janos Kalmar and technical director Emil Oesterreicher, the former boss of Honved and Real Madrid.

The biggest surprise amongst the early sackings was the dismissal of Sabino Barinaga, who was in charge of relegated Real Betis (Sevilla). Amongst the front runners for promotion, Betis were beaten at home 4-3 by Mestalla (the Valencia reserves) and within a matter of hours Barinaga was out and Fernando Daucik was "in". Daucik, a former Czech international of the 'thirties, is proving to be a regular trouble-shooter. Last season he took over Elche after they had slipped into the danger zone under Di Stefano but quit after steering them into the top half of the table.

NORMAN ADAMS

SHREWD MOVE SIGNS DANNY

in Rhodesia

SEVEN thousand feet up in Rhodesia's Eastern Highlands the air is like champagne; the panorama breathtaking. But the soccer stars who make up the country's World Cup squad have not had time to admire the scenery during their weekend trips to Inyanga.

They are being moulded into a team that could be the "dark horses" of their World Cup sub-group tournament against Australia, Japan and South Korea, in the Far East next year.

Under the expert eye of national coach Danny McLennan, the cream of the North and South Zones have been eating, talking and sleeping soccer at their mountain retreat.

Their day starts at 6 a.m. with a cross-country run and ends with soccer films at their World Cup lodge—which is used as a children's holiday home during the summer. In between Danny gives them "chalk and talk" lessons.

The 40 players who make up the squad will be whittled down to about 20 when they leave for Asia sometime in 1969.

Before then the World Cup XI will play matches against Malawi (twice) and Rhodesian clubs and select sides. The internationals in Blantyre-Limbe in January 1969 will be the first for over a year.

In November 1967 the Rhodesians slumped to defeats from Mauritius (ironically, coached by Danny McLennan) by 1-2 (in Bulawayo) and 2-3 (in Salisbury); and 0-1 to a last-minute Malawi goal at Gwanzura Stadium, Salisbury.

Now, with coach McLennan at the helm, Rhodesia is confident it will win easily in Malawi.

It was a shrewd move by the Football Association of Rhodesia to hire the ex-Rangers, Dundee and East Fife wing-half. Danny was the director of coaching in the Philippines for two years and has an inside knowledge of Asian soccer. Of the three teams Rhodesia face in either Tokyo or Seoul, Danny fears Japan.

It has not all been happening on the international front. National League matches in Rhodesia mushroomed in 1968. More than 325,000 attended matches at Gwanzura alone and the country-wide total was not far off the half-million mark.

Encouraged by the growth of the game the Rhodesia National Football League plan Super League soccer in 1970. The new league will embrace top clubs throughout the country and consist of about ten clubs. The present North (Salisbury) and South (Bulawayo) Zones would not be scrapped, but clubs in these divisions would have a chance of qualifying for the Super League.

The 1970 set-up could comprise: Mangula, four teams from Salisbury, one team in the Midlands, two Bulawayo clubs and one or two from Umtali or elsewhere.

Salisbury Hellenic, the amateur Greek club who have brought out ten homeland players at a cost of £4,000, have been accepted to the RNFL—but at the league's annual general meeting 67 delegates were told no assurance had been given to the club they would automatically be admitted to the First Division.

Hellenic played three matches against top opposition — and surprised fans by not losing. They drew 0-0 with Metal Box; 2-2 with Castle Lions and 1-1 with Chibuku Shumba, who at the tail end of the season changed their name from Salisbury Tornados after a brewery agreed to back the club.

The season finally ended at the beginning of December—although it will kick off again in February after the shortest close season in memory.

Arcadia United provided the rags-to-riches story of 1968. During the two previous seasons they finished second bottom of the North Zone's First Division, and in 1967 had only £2 12s. 6d. in the kitty. When the '68 season ended they had liquid assets of £1,500, after coming fourth in the league and winning the Castle Cup, whipping the favourites, Dynamos, by 4-1.

Seven of their players were picked for the World Cup squad.

But the season ended on a gloomy note. For the first time for four years the national league operated at a loss—amount: £164. Money was lost on the John Charles XI tour (£48) compared with a profit of £449 following the visit of Oldham Athletic in 1967. The blame was put on Harold Wilson, because of non-co-operation and the difficulty in getting British teams out to Rhodesia.

The 1968 Player of the Year award went to South African Rob Jordan, 31-year-old 6 ft. 3 in. goalkeeper of Salisbury Callies, and a sure-fire bet for the World Cup team. Rob, who conceded only 12 league goals, quit the game for five years because of recurring knuckle injuries and only made his come-back earlier this year.

And how about a Stranger-than-Fiction award for this one: Peter Nyama, Rhodesia and Chibuku Shumba striker, refused to join a Zambian club because his parents feared he would be kidnapped by terrorists north of the Zambesi.

Scotsman George Kerr, small, bustling secretary of the Football Association of Rhodesia, has an ambitious plan to form a Southern African Confederation of soccer associations.

He would like to see the new group—a Seventh Confederation affiliated to FIFA—include Malawi, Rhodesia, Botswana, Lesotho, Swaziland, Mauritius, Malagasy, South West Africa, Angola, Mozambique Reunion, Basutoland and South Africa.

Mr. Kerr, who spearheaded Rhodesia's entry into the World Cup following talks with fellow sub-group nations in Mexico, feels in order to set up the new Confederation, the countries concerned would have to meet under an independent chairman of high standing and draft a constitution acceptable to FIFA and submit it for approval at the 1970 FIFA Congress.

He would like to see two delegates from each country invited to such a meeting in Salisbury. And the man he would like as independent chairman is Mr. Jim McGuire, the retiring senior vice-chairman of FIFA.

Says Mr. Kerr: "To grasp the meaning of this new constitution one must look at Europe where two major trophies are competed for each year between national champions ... the European Cup and the European Cup Winners Cup.

"These two competitions have been the saviour of the game in Europe and the clubs competing for the trophies have been assured of financial gains above normal earnings."

He went on: "Such competitions in Southern Africa could further the sport and help to open international ties."

More than 20,000 Africans and Europeans—the largest crowd ever to watch soccer in Rhodesia—packed Gwanzura on the last Sunday in September for the Castle Cup final, the blue riband of Rhodesian football. The favourites, Dynamos, the all-African team, were beaten 4-1 by Arcadia United, the coloured community's team.

In the past the big crowds came out to watch show games with touring British sides, but now it is the turn of the home-bred boys.

Soccer is gaining strength all over the country. In October the National League launched a new division in the Central Midlands, and clubs from Gwelo, Que Que, Umtali and Gatooma were eager to join.

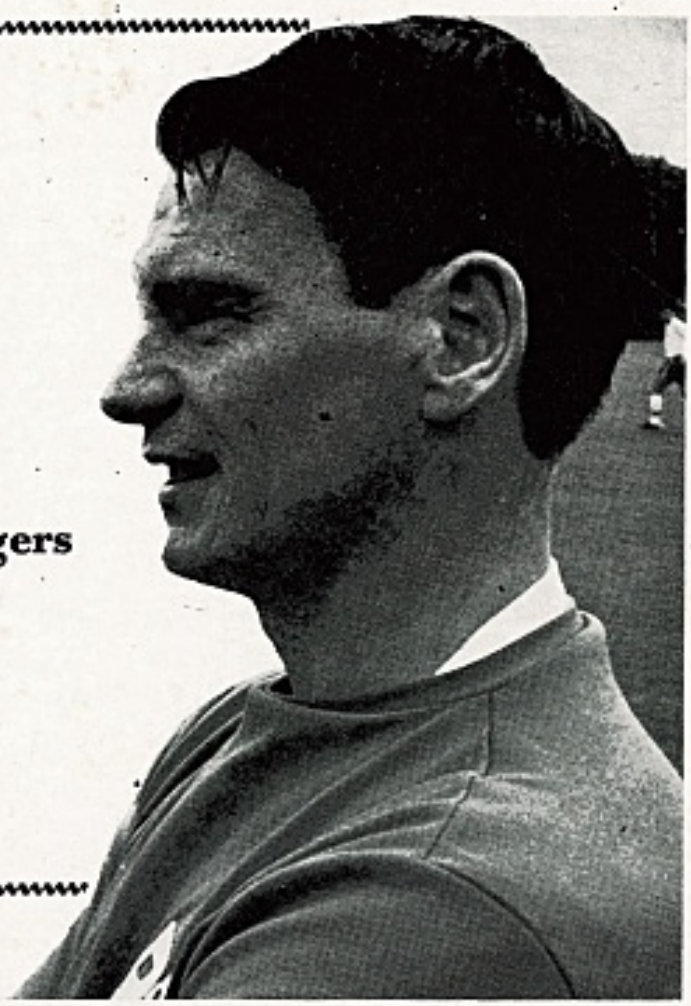
But the capital, Salisbury, is the place where it is all happening. Both Arcadia United and Dynamos have been invited to play in Malawi and the soccer exploits of Tornados' 250-goal striker Peter Nyama have attracted the attention of a club in Lunashya, Zambia, but they must pay £5,000 for the Rhodesian internationalist.

Lusitanos, the Portuguese exiles' club in Salisbury, have run into trouble with the RNFL disciplinary committee following an incident after the Lusitanos-Rio Tinto match when the referee was hurt. The club has been banned from playing soccer with league clubs and affiliated teams during 1969, as well as being fined £100.

Feature by PHILIP RISING

WHAT A PERIOD!

Nine managers leave their clubs in a six-week spell



BOBBY ROBSON. (Burke)

ENGLISH football witnessed a crazy game of managerial musical-chairs during a hectic period commencing late in October.

Archie Macauley left Brighton and Hove Albion to be replaced by Freddie Goodwin, a former manager of Scunthorpe United who spent a year in the United States controlling New York Generals.

Alec Stock was dismissed as general manager of Queen's Park Rangers with Tommy Docherty being brought in from Rotherham to try and doctor the fortunes of an ailing club.

But the controversial Docherty stayed at Shepherd's Bush for only 28 days. He resigned as "a matter of principle" after a disagreement with Rangers' chairman Jim Gregory.

Tommy Cummings was sacked by Aston Villa and, at the time of writing, it looked as if Docherty would be his successor.

Ronnie Allen, in charge of Wolverhampton Wanderers since the departure of Stan Cullis four years ago, resigned at the request of his directors. Allen, naturally, was "shocked" and, I suspect, more than a little upset.

The man secured to take over at Molineux is Bill McGarry, released by Ipswich Town, the club he steered from the lower regions of Division II to a respectable position in the senior sphere.

Fulham, floundering at the foot of the Second Division, became impatient for success and fired Bobby Robson, in the Craven Cottage managerial chair for a mere ten months.

They turned to Johnny Haynes — "Mr. Fulham" if you like — to turn the tide and Bill Dodgin left QPR to join Haynes as his chief coach.

The London newspapers got wind of the Robson departure before this former West Bromwich Albion and Fulham player heard of it himself. It appears that he was almost the last to know and probably didn't suspect that Johnny Haynes was even mildly interested in his job.

Haynes, a one-club man, recently said in an interview with Bernard Joy of the *London Evening Standard:*

"I just don't fancy management. I have seen so many come and go . . . the trouble is you have to rely on other people out there on the field.

"In the old days they did not prepare themselves for anything else and had to turn to administration — manager, coach or trainer. I am fortunate in having built up business interests, as Tom Finney did, and will be confining my interest in football to that of a spectator."

Less than two weeks later Haynes was put in charge of Fulham, and told Norman Giller of the *Daily Express:*

"It's fair to say that I would not do it for any club but Fulham.

"We have been together for a long time now and I would like to see them out of their present trouble.

"I want to stress that I am doing this job only on a temporary basis. If things start going really well for me perhaps I shall look at it in a new light. But at the moment I see it only as a short-term affair."

Haynes' managerial career started brightly enough but some bad reverses followed. The reluctant manager made it an even more short-term affair than was first thought and Bill Dodgin, who would possibly have succeeded Docherty at Loftus Road, took over the reins.

Robson left with a golden handshake, but he was hardly given a real chance to prove himself. If he had achieved in ten months what Fulham apparently expected it would have been a miracle.

But, like so many before him, Robson paid the full penalty for not discovering an immediate formula for success. His return from Vancouver last year resulted in his taking over from Vic Buckingham.

Now, say Fulham, "our position in the league table dictated this action".

Bill Dodgin had an admirable record as first coach and then team manager at Queen's Park Rangers. But the shock sacking of Alec Stock and the appointment of Tommy Docherty left this former Arsenal and Fulham player somewhat dismayed.

At first he agreed to become Docherty's first lieutenant, but when Haynes said "come and join me" he readily agreed; stressing, however, that he left Rangers on the best of terms.

Ronnie Allen, like Robson, was left shattered after suddenly finding himself out of a job. Wolves were beginning to establish themselves in Division I after their promotion in 1967 but their directors unanimously requested Allen's resignation.

So Allen left a club that once proudly sat on the peak of British football. Bill McGarry took over the job of endeavouring to regain such an eminent position.

McGarry has a fine record in football management. His first post was as player-manager at Bournemouth. He picked that club up off the floor and moved on to Watford, where he performed a similar operation.

Classified Results

OCTOBER 1

USA (0) 3 (Roy, Millar 2) 10,118
Israel (3) 3 (Spiegler, Spiegel 2)
USA: De Long; Kofler, Clear; Bachmeier, Gansler, Krat; Millar, Roy, Maliszewski, Hausemann, Gentile.
Israel: Levin; Bar, Bello; Rosen, Shvager, Rosenthal; Talbi, Spiegel, Freigandon, Spiegler, Young.

OCTOBER 4

USA (0) 0 7,500
Israel (0) 4 (Spiegler 4)
USA: De Long; Kofler, Clear; Bachmeier, Gansler, Krat; Albrecht, Roy, Millar, Stritzel, Maliszewski.
Israel: Diegmi; Bar, Bello; Rosen, Shvager, Rosenthal; Talbi, Fagenbaum, Spiegel, Spiegler, Young.

OCTOBER 6

Canada (3) 4 (Vigh, Zenatta, Papadakis 2) 4,131
Bermuda (0) 0
Canada: Greco; Berry, Lenarduzzi; Kerr, Lecce, Di Luca; McPate, Papadakis, Vigh, Harvey, Zenatta.
Bermuda: Nusum; Simons, Minors; Smith (R.), Cann, Cholmondely (L. Smith); Hunt, Ming, Darrell (Armstrong), Romaine, Lewis.

OCTOBER 13

Austria (0) 0 71,000
West Germany (1) 2 (Muller, Eigenstiller o.g.)
Austria: Harreither; Pumm, Fak; Hasil, Sturnberger, Eigenstiller; Fritsch, Kogelberger, Etimayer, Starek, Metzler.
West Germany: Maier; Vogts, Hottges; Beckenbauer, Schulz, Weber; Dorfel (B.), Ulsass, Muller, Netzer, Held.

OCTOBER 16

Belgium (1) 3 (Devrindt 2, Polleunis) 30,000
Yugoslavia (0) 0
Belgium: Trappeniers; Heylens, Thiessen; Van Moer, Dewalque, Peters; Semmeling, Polleunis, Devrindt, Van Himst, Puis.
Yugoslavia: Curkovic; Cvek, Jeftic; Acimovic, Pavlovic, Holcer; Petkovic, Trivic, Zambata, Osim, Dzajic.

OCTOBER 17

France (1) 1 (Blanchet) 40,000
Spain (0) 3 (Ufarte, Luis, Pirri)
France: Carnus; Djorkaeff, Baeza; Jacquet, Mitoraj, Bosquier; Blanchet, Guy, Szepaniak, Herbin, Beretta.
Spain: Sadumi; Torres, Eladio; Pirri, Gallego, Castellanos (Tonono); Ufarte, Marcial, Amancio, Zabalza, Luis.

Canada (1) 4 (McPate 2, Patterson, Vigh) 10,243
USA (1) 2 (Roy, Stritzel)
Canada: Greco; Berry, Lenarduzzi; Kerr, Lecce, Di Luca; McPate, Papadakis (Patterson), Vigh, Harvey, Zenatta.
USA: De Long; Kofler, Clear; Bachmeier, Gansler, Krat; Millar, Baker, Roy, Stritzel, Albrecht.

OCTOBER 20

Poland (1) 1 (Gadocha) 35,000
East Germany (0) 1 (Lowe)
Poland: Kostka; Leszczynski, Winkler; Musial, Brejza, Oslizlo; Szoltysik, Dejna (Jarosik), Blaut, Smijewski (Sadek), Gadocha.
East Germany: Croy; Fraessdorf, Bransch; Irmscher, Urbanczyk, Wruck (Rock); Koerner, Frenzel, Lowe, Seehaus, Vogel.

Peru (3) 3 (Casaretto 3)
Mexico (0) 3 (Borja, Pena, Cisneros)
Peru: Rubinos; Campos, Chumpitaz; Challe, La Torre, Fuentes; Leon, Casaretto, Cubillas, Baylon, Del Castillo.
Mexico: Calderon; Gonzalez, Hernandez; Diaz, Pena, Del Muro; Munguia, Borja, Fragoso, Mercado, Padilla.

OCTOBER 23

Northern Ireland (1) 4 (Best, McMordie, Dougan, Campbell)
Turkey (1) 1 (Ogun) 25,000
N. Ireland: Jennings; Craig (Stewart), Harvey; Nicholson, Neill, Clements; Campbell, McMordie, Dougan, Irvine, Best.
Turkey: Nihat; Sukru, Nezlet; Ismail, Ercan, Yilmaz; Mesut (Abdulla), Ayhan, Ogun, Bortu, Ender.

Wales (0) 0 25,000
Italy (1) 1 (Riva)
Wales: Millington; Thomas, Burton; Powell, Williams (G.), Hole; Rees, Davies (W.), Davies (R.), Green, James.
Italy: Zoff; Burgnich, Facchetti; Rosato, Salvadore, Castano; Domenghini, Rivera, Anastasi, De Sisti, Riva.

Chile (0) 3 (Araya, Olivares 2)
Mexico (0) 1 (Borja) 40,000
Chile: Olivares; Berly, Herrera; Reinoso, Cruz, Quintano; Araya, Gallardo (Olivares), Marcos, Hodge, Fouilloux.
Mexico: Calderon; Gonzalez, Hernandez; Jara, Pena, Nunez; Munguia, Borja, Fragoso, Diaz, Padilla.

OCTOBER 26

Uruguay (0) 0
Mexico (2) 2 (Borja, Cisneros)
Uruguay: Mazurkiewicz; Dalmao, Fontes (Lamas); Mujica, Montero Castillo, Ubinas; Maldonado, Bareno, Ibanez (Esparrago), Rocha, Morales.
Mexico: Calderon (Mota); Vantorra, Hernandez; Diaz, Pena, Nunez; Munguia (Mercado), Gonzalez, Borja, Cisneros, Fragoso.

OCTOBER 27

Portugal (2) 3 (Jacinto 2, Jacinto Joao) 40,000
Rumania (0) 0
Portugal: America; Jacinto, Hilario; Graca, Rui (Humberto), Jose Carlos; Jose Augusto, Eusebio, Figueiredo, Coluna, Simoes (Jacinto Joao).
Rumania: Coman (Gorea); Satmareanu, Moceanu; Ghergeli, Dimitru, Dinu; Pircalab, Dobrin, Dembrovski, Petescu, Lucescu.

Bulgaria (1) 2 (Bonev pen., Asparoukhov) 48,000
Holland (0) 0
Bulgaria: Simeonov; Chalamanov, Jetchev; Penev, Dimitrov, Gaganelov; Popov (Mitkov), Bonev, Asparoukhov, Yakimov, Dermendjiev (Kotkov).
Holland: Van Beveren; Suurbier, Van Duivenbode; Groot, Israel, Eykenbroeck; Bouvmeister, Muller, Klijnjan, Van Hanegem, Reisenbrink.

Yugoslavia (0) 0 25,000
Spain (0) 0
Yugoslavia: Durkovic; Cvek, Dojcinovski; Holcer, Jestic, Pavlovic; Zambata, Belin, Vardic, Petkovic (Bukal), Rora (Antic).
Spain: Iribar; Torres, Eladio; Pirri, Tonono, Zabalza; Ufarte, Marcial, Amancio, Germano, Luis (Pereda).

United States (0) 1 (Albrecht)
Canada (0) 0 3,696
United States: Feher; Gansler (Clear), Krat; Gentile, Bachmeier, Murphy; Miller, Baker, Roy, Stritzel, Albrecht.
Canada: Harper; Berry, Lenarduzzi; Di Luca, Lecce, Harvey; McPhate, Hansen, Papadakis (Petterson), Hanagn, Vigh.

Eire v. Poland . . . Treacy fails to force the ball past Poland goalkeeper Kostka. Poland won 1–0. (UPI)

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NOVEMBER 1

Brazil (1) 1 (Carlos Alberto) 80,000
Mexico (1) 2 (Diaz, Fragoso)

Brazil: Felix; Carlos Alberto, Everaldo; Gerson, Brito, Dias; Paulo Borges, Rivelinho, Jairzinho, Pele, Paulo Cesar.

Mexico: Mota; Yantoria, Perez; Diaz, Pena, Nunez; Munguia, Gonzalez, Borja, Cisneros (Padilla), Gonzalez.

NOVEMBER 2

United States (2) 6 (Millar 3, Baker 2, Roy) 2,235
Bermuda (1) 2 (Trott, Best)

United States: Feher (De Long); Gansler, Krat; Gentile, Bachmeier, Murphy; Millar, Baker, Roy, Stritzel, Albrecht.

Bermuda: Nusum (Jennings); Simons, Minors; Ming, Cann; Dowling, Daniels, Romaine, Best, Darrell, Trott.

NOVEMBER 3

Brazil (2) 2 (Pele 2) 30,443
Mexico (0) 1 (Borja)

Brazil: Alberto; Carlos Alberto, Everaldo; Gerson, Jurandyr, Dias; Natal, Rivelinho, Jair, Pele, Paulo Cesar.

Mexico: Calderon; Yantoria, Perez; Diaz, Pena, Nunez; Munguia, Gonzalez, Borja, Morales, Paz.

NOVEMBER 6

Scotland (1) 2 (Law, Bremner)
Austria (1) 1 (Starek) 65,000

Scotland: Simpson; Gemmell, McCreadie; Bremner, McKinnon, Greig; Johnstone, Cooke, Law (Gilzean), Lennox, Hughes.

Austria: Fuchshichler; Gebhardt, Pumm; Starek, Sturmberger, Eigenstiller; Metzler, Ettmayer, Hasil, Siber, Redl.

Rumania (0) 0 80,000
England (0) 0

Rumania: Gornea; Satmareanu, Mocanu; Ghergeli, Barbu, Dinu; Pircalab, Dobrin (Nunweiller), Dumitrache, Petescu, Lucescu.

England: Banks; Wright (McNab), Newton; Mullery, Labone, Moore; Ball, Hunt, Charlton (B.), Hurst, Peters.

France (0) 0 19,000
Norway (0) 1 (Iversen)

France: Carnus; Lemerre, Djorkaeff; Gress (Loubet), Quittet, Bosquier; Blanchet, Michel, Guy, Szepaniak (Betta), Bereta.

Norway: S. Olsen; Rodvang, Mathisen; Spydevold, Eggen, Nilsen; Johannesen, O. Olsen, Iversen, Borno, Sunde.

NOVEMBER 7

Brazil (1) 2 (Rivelinho, Tostao) 100,000
Rest of the World (1) 1 (Albert)

Brazil: Picasso; Carlos Alberto (Moreira), Everaldo; Gerson, Jurandyr, Dias; Natal (Paulo Borges), Rivelinho, Jairzinho (Tostao), Pele, Paulo Cesar.

Rest of the World: Yashin (Russia); Novak (Hungary), Marzolini (Argentina) (sub. Szucs of Hungary); Szucs (Hungary (sub. Perfumo of Argentina), Schulz (W. Germany), Chesternev (Russia), Amancio (Spain) (sub. Metreveli of Russia), Beckenbauer (W. Germany), Albert (Hungary) (sub. Rocha of Uruguay), Overath (W. Germany), Dzajic (Yugoslavia) (sub. Farkas of Hungary).

NOVEMBER 10

Eire (0) 2 (Rogers, Hale) 18,000
Austria (1) 2 (Redl, Ettmayer)

Eire: Kelly; Kinnear, Carroll; Fullam, Dempsey, Hennessy (Conway); O'Neill, Dunphy, Hale, Giles, Rogers.

Austria: Fuchshichler (Harreither); Gebhardt, Rum; Horvath, Sturmberger, Eigenstiller; Fritsch, Ettmayer, Kogelberger, Hof, Redl.

Bermuda (0) 0 3,700
United States (2) 2 (Smith R. o.g., Roy)

Bermuda: Jennings; Daniels, Minors; Smith (R.), Cann, Dowling; Hunt, Smith (L.), Best, Trott, Lewis.

United States: De Long; Gentile, Krat; Benedek, Bachmeier, Murphy; Millar, Baker, Roy, Stritzel, Albrecht.

NOVEMBER 17

Algeria (1) 1 (Amirouche, pen.) 25,000
Tunisia (0) 2 (Chakroun 2)

Algeria: Krimo; Aulkhlar, Amar; Djemaa, Khiari, Attoui; Amirouche (Hachouf), Lalmas, Soukhane, Hadefi, Achour.

Tunisia: Attouga; Zouaoui, M'Gerbi; Larousi (Kechra), Abacha, Douiri; Trabel, Mahdi, Cheman, Chalbi (Fendri), Chakroun.

NOVEMBER 23

Rumania (0) 2 (Dumitrache, Domide) 40,000
Switzerland (0) 0

Rumania: Gornea; Satmareanu, Mocanu; Ghergeli, Boc, Dinu; Matrinovici (Dembrovski), Domide, Dumitrache, Nunweiller, Lucescu (Kalin).

Switzerland: Grob; Ramseier, Stierli; Durr, Michaud, Tacchella; Vuilleumier, Citherlet (Brenna), Kunzli, Kuhn, Quentin.

Cyprus (0) 0
West Germany (0) 1 (Muller G.)

Cyprus: Alkiviadis; Iacovou, Theodorou; Stephanou, Kourzas, Panayiotou; Kouindis, Marcus, Melis, Pakkos, Stylianou.

W. Germany: Wolter; Vogts, Hottges; Wimmer, Schulz (W.), Weber; Dorfel (B.), Overath, Muller (G.), Lorenz, Held.

DECEMBER 11

England (1) 1 (Hurst) 80,000
Bulgaria (1) 1 (Asparoukhov)

England: West; Newton (Reaney), McNab; Mullery, Labone, Moore; Lee, Bell, Charlton (B.), Hurst, Peters.

Bulgaria: Simeonov; Peshev, Dimitrov; Gaganelov, Penev, Jetchev; Popov (Jekov), Bonev, Asparoukhov, Yakimov, Dermendjiev.

Cyprus (0) 0 10,000
Scotland (5) 5 (Gilzean 2, Stein, Murdoch, Theodorou o.g.)

Cyprus: Alkiviadis; Iacovou, Theodorou; Stephanou, Kourzas, Panayiotou; Nikakis, Krystalli (Xipolitas), Melis, Pakkos (Marcus), Stylianou.

Scotland: Herriot; Fraser, McCreadie; Bremner, McKinnon (McNeill), Greig; McLean (T.), Murdoch, Stein (Lennox), Gilzean, Cooke.

Turkey (0) 0 45,000
Northern Ireland (1) 3 (Harkin 2, Nicholson)

Turkey: Ali; Talat, Huseyin; Ercan, Ergun, Sanli; Ayhan, Ogun, Fevzi, Metin, Faruk.

N. Ireland: Jennings; Craig, Harvey; Nicholson, Neill, Stewart; Hamilton, McMordie, Dougan, Harkin, Clements.

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Luxembourg are awarded a penalty after Edy Klein (white shirt) had been fouled. Danish players are, left to right: Henning Munk Jensen, Jan Larsen and Erik Sandvad. In the bottom picture Jean Klein scores with goalkeeper Knud Engedahl going the wrong way. (UPI)

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